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The Road to Unity

THE full glory of our democratic system has been revealed to this country. A question of extraordinary intricacy, made up of considerations and counter-considerations of baffling intent, has been submitted to an electorate composed of about twenty million men and women, of whom some fourteen millions have voted on the issue. They must all have been experts. For if they had not been experts, what would have been the use of seeking their opinion? And they exercised their high function of investigation and decision in that atmosphere of judicial calm clearly necessary to its due discharge. Not for them the childish and barbarous methods of ancient controversy. Shouts, yells, missiles, and violence of any kind were abhorrent to them. Every question was a pointed and honest request for information. Every answer was distinct and fair. As for the fourteen hundred candidates who sought their suffrages, they had but one aim, namely, to set the subject before their audiences with the utmost degree of lucidity and impartiality in their power to achieve. They all shuddered at the bare idea of misrepresenting their adversaries' position. The very thought of taking any undue advantage of each other made them shed tears.

If we are asked how we know all this, seeing that the reports appearing in the Press, and even the impressions of those who attended meetings, may not in all cases quite tally with our description, we reply that we know it by reason of an inevitable necessity. For if the great mass of the electors had been totally unacquainted with the subtleties of the fiscal problem, if not more than, say, ten thousand men in this country had been really capable of comprehending and discussing reasonably its manifold

factors, and if the candidates of the respective parties had been nearly all bent, first and foremost, not on impartial exposition, but on the capture or retention of seats, then manifestly the submission of the subject to the decision of the crowd would be reduced to a monstrous absurdity, and our whole system of democratic government would be seen to be ridiculous. That, of course, is impossible. Therefore our account of the proceedings must be correct. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

Speaking seriously, nothing more grotesque than the entire procedure could easily be imagined by the writer of a farce. It is verily the *reductio ad absurdum* of democratic theory. The crossing sweeper, the scavenger, the wholly uneducated, and the semi-imbecile were all required to give a definite verdict concerning a subject of extraordinary complexity, upon which the comparatively few persons really competent to deal with it widely differ. As if this absurdity were insufficient, the electorate was compelled to reach its conclusions amidst the riotous atmosphere of a General Election, when at many public meetings madness seems to be in the air, and even individuals ordinarily of sober behaviour often appear temporarily insane. No one who has been himself a candidate at such a time can ever forget the nightmare-like scenes through which he has had to pass. Those senseless cries; those calculated interruptions; those lies; those endless misrepresentations; and, if he were on the unpopular side, that sea of faces distorted with reasonless fury—combine to produce an impression difficult to efface.

Some may say, perhaps, that to recall these things is vain, since to alter them is impossible. Yet surely it is advisable sometimes to pause to grasp the nature of the political conditions in which we live, and no time more appropriate to such a purpose can be found than a moment when, at the close of one General Election, another already threatens to blacken the future. If Swift were now alive, what vials of bitter scorn would he pour out through his pen! We might find his Lilliputians rejecting with contemptuous disbelief Gulliver's account of the manner in which his own nation directed their affairs, and declaring that no persons possessed of reason could be such incredible fools. We might have a narrative of the way in

which some other community visited by his hero converted democratic foolishness into reasoned sense. We should have been told, perhaps, of the tests by which its citizens discovered the best and the wisest amongst themselves, whom alone they held worthy of exercising the electoral privilege. We should have had, probably, precise details of the methods pursued by these in choosing in their turn the most specially gifted in character and in mind to transact their affairs in Parliament, and we might have had, as a background to the picture, the basic assumption that the safety and the prosperity of a people could be secured only if its best and its wisest were placed in control.

This is but a dream; for in Swift's time, amidst many corruptions and manifold imperfections, the supreme folly had not been reached of making the franchise practically coincident with the adult manhood and womanhood of an entire nation. That consummation was still remote, not merely from the time, but from the thought of the generation of English folk then passing across this human stage. Swift died in 1745. Not till a century later, when the Chartists presented their abortive pistol at the nation's head, was any idea so wild and so pregnant of evil to the whole population seriously entertained.

But we, living in what may well prove to be the closing period of a great civilisation, find what was once held inconceivable translated into fact. We see power entrusted to ignorance, and that ignorance made thereby the happy hunting ground of political adventurers. We see, too often, truth flouted and reason eschewed. We hear, constantly, fulsome flattery of the mob. We perceive the right of private property, which is based on the further and fundamental right of a man to profit in respect of himself and of his children from the result of his own exertions, not only ceaselessly denounced, but—in the case of millions of trade unionists who are forbidden to work to the measure of their capacities—actually taken from them in the name of a Socialist idealism whose real effects are the starvation of the body and the negation of the soul.

We stand now at a moment when the sun of England seems menaced with final eclipse. For the first time in

her history the party of revolution approach their hands to the helm of the state, not only, as in the 17th century, for the purpose of overthrowing the Crown, or of altering the Constitution, but with the design of destroying the very bases of civilised life. These men seek to impose universal slavery on all sections of the nation through the extension of bureaucratic control to every department of industry, and to wither the stimulus of progress and the motive for exertion by the abolition of private property. Against this madness are arrayed the Liberal and Conservative parties, each possessed by a profound distrust of the other, and each torn by personal and sectional jealousies. Fusion, in the sense of such a coalition as that which disastrously mismanaged the Empire's affairs from 1918 to 1922 under the grossly incompetent leadership of Mr. Lloyd George, appears to be at this time out of the question. But is it impossible for Conservatism and Liberalism to co-operate in regard to fundamental principles on which they are substantially agreed?

No long search is needed to reveal the vital cause which both parties might adopt, since, if the Labour Party were to assume office, a situation would be created as grotesque as any to be found in a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. For, as we pointed out in our Pillory last month, the irrefutable fact stares us in the face that by far the principal cause of unemployment is the Socialist-inspired "ca' canny" policy of that party, which has prevented, and still prevents, the British working man from doing a fair day's work for a fair day's wage. The Socialists have by this wickedness, as we then said, "cut down the amount of production per head in this country to less than half that of the United States." As an inevitable consequence of this calamitous interference, coupled, of course, with the abnormal burden of rates and taxes, our manufacturers have been forced to raise their prices to a point at which our foreign customers have been compelled largely to cease to buy, and, in an equally inevitable sequel, English firms have had to discharge large numbers of their hands. Hence the presence in our midst of some two million unemployed. The fact of that presence has brought about the proposals for Tariff Reform, as a palliatory measure calculated at least to secure the home market,

proposals which Labour and Liberalism together have combined to defeat.

Thus the accession of the Labour Party to power would practically be equivalent to giving the task of rebuilding a city to the very gang of incendiaries who had deliberately burnt it down. Is that party to be rewarded for its crime? When one of its nostrums has already robbed nearly two million working men of their work, is it to be encouraged to apply its other two quack medicines, the capital levy and nationalisation, as a remedy for the misery which itself has produced? Could any system of government have brought about a position more monstrous than this? To find a parallel, we might imagine the solemn appointment of Bill Sikes as a doctor to restore to life the defunct body of his victim, Nancy.

To speak thus with their whole strength is at once the duty and the need of Conservatives and Liberals alike. The trade unions should be held up by them to public execration as being what they really are, the enemies of the poor and the producers of the national and individual suffering which they shamelessly exploit. The whole energy of Conservatism and of whatever is genuine in Liberalism should be devoted to this end, with the object of educating the nation and of creating such a state of public opinion as will restrain the unions from continuing to spread poverty throughout the land by their present artificial restriction of production.

The one measure which would really relieve distress and profit industry to an incalculable extent would be the application of the system of payment by piecework, instead of by time, to most manufacturing pursuits. Were this achieved, "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," the whole industrial situation would be lightened by the nearly forgotten gleam of hope. Production would speedily be doubled. Prices would be reduced. Markets would be regained. Firms now working at a loss, or at a profit less than that obtainable from ordinary investment, would be enabled to re-engage the men whom they had discharged, and the exhausting drain on rates and taxes of unemployment pay would be immensely lessened. To achieve all these ends what is wanted is determined and well-organised propaganda. The Liberal as well as the

Conservative Party might well engage in this work, of which the success is equally vital to both. Moreover, although the endeavour might have to be carried on, under present party conditions, without combination, it would manifestly indicate the road towards that real co-operation of all the sane elements in the country, which in the long run will be necessary to save it from otherwise inevitable ruin. Such genuine co-effort, based on the reality of fundamental agreement, is widely different from the artificial fusion under Lloyd Georgian dominance which wrought such ruinous effects in the days of the late Coalition.

This line of action might be followed equally whether the Conservative Government continue in office under Mr. Baldwin, or a Liberal Government is formed under Mr. Asquith. In either case a propaganda, vigorous, determined, and all embracing should be set going throughout England, Scotland, and Wales, to bring home to the minds of the electorate the real meaning and the hideous results of applied Socialism. Attack, not defence, should be the prevailing note, and the monstrous evil and suffering already inflicted on the people by the Socialists should be forced upon public attention by an army of speakers and writers. To obtain the means required to finance such work, each of the two parties might well appeal to its followers and to the nation whose future is at stake for public subscription. But to attain success there must be no delay, no postponement until the next dissolution of Parliament is near at hand. The Labour Party is at work always, indoors and out of doors, throughout the year. The wonder is, not that it has grown to its present dimensions, but rather that, in face of such persistent effort on the one part, and of such lethargy on the other, the working men of Britain have retained so large a measure of sanity.

As regards the immediate future, no fusion of parties is probable, and the formation of a Labour Government appears certain. But that (whatever party leaders may now say, and quite apart from any idea of a coalition) the logic of events in days to come will ultimately bring about the creation of a single constitutional party we are well assured.

Current Comments

THIS January number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW is the eighth to be issued under the present direction. Three-quarters of a year are a sufficient period for a monthly periodical either to establish itself in the approval of its readers, or to forfeit their support. We are happy in the knowledge that we have won the good will of a very largely increased number of readers.

"The English Review"

We have faithfully adhered to the policy of strong and outspoken Conservatism which we outlined in our first, June, number. Recent and impending political developments will more and more compel the great majority of educated people to realise that the prosperity of the nation must either be preserved by a virile patriotism or be overwhelmed by those modern Goths and Vandals—the Socialists. In this sense the truly educated are already called upon to oppose an honourable "class consciousness" to the savage snarl of the enemies of society. It will be indeed a sense of *noblesse oblige*, a consciousness that superiority in advantage carries obligation. The obligation will be obvious enough—the defence of the country, of private property, and of individual liberty, against enemies within who threaten to destroy them as effectively as any foreign foe.

The most lethargic of the old *laisser faire* school will soon be galvanised into vivid realisation of the necessity to decide whether they will sink or swim. The placid Victorian days are gone when a large part of the nation rated the importance of party politics little higher than the choice of dark or light blue on Boat Race Day, and often adopted one or other of the party colours with equally accidental reason. People born and bred into comfortable middle-class conditions, which not only survived, but tended to improve, for generations, may have had some excuse if they believed that successive Governments were merely the instruments of a kind Providence which happily guarded our country. Even the Russian peasants in their comparative prosperity venerated the

Tsar as the earthly representative of the Deity. They will find no halos for their present tyrants, who indeed have created the nearest approximation to hell upon earth yet achieved by human beings. Nor will the purpose of beneficent Providence be very recognisable in a Government presided over by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and taking its orders from Moscow and Hamburg, unless indeed it be regarded as a plague visited upon a people which has become faint-hearted in the ways of righteousness. We must all individually realise that comfort, "a good time," and even personal freedom, are the prerogatives or rewards only of a prosperous and free nation, made so by the individual efforts of its citizens.

The Limits of Loyalty

THE catastrophe which has overwhelmed the Conservative Party raises amongst a variety of difficult but vital considerations that of the limits of restraint from criticism demanded by party loyalty. In common with a great many good Conservatives, we did not dare to hope, at the best, for more than such a reduced majority as would for all practical purposes render the party impotent. We foresaw the possibility of the disastrous defeat which has actually overtaken them. We did not conceal our view that a possibly fatal mistake had been made and grave risk incurred. Our comments were, of course, tempered with natural anxiety not to discourage even to the smallest extent those already committed to a perilous adventure. The die was already cast before our last number was in the press, and the only course, therefore, was to make the best of a bad job. The question remains, however, of that large proportion of Conservative organisations and organs which, in many cases, we believe, sharing our misgivings, yet allowed themselves to be stampeded into apparent acquiescence with what now is admitted to have been a bad blunder, rather than face the risk of being accused of disloyalty.

Behind the scenes there was almost universal doubt as to the wisdom of the plunge and anxiety lest it should fail. There was uncomfortable recognition of the fact that the penalty of failure would be too great for its tremendous risk. Was it, then, the duty of truly loyal

Conservatives to smother their instincts and to rush blindly to destruction in the name of party allegiance? We think not, and we believe that if a determined stand had been made, not only by the more experienced leaders of the party, but by some, at least, of the rank and file, as represented by the Conservative organisations throughout the country, this suicidal step might have been averted.

Tributes to Mr. Baldwin

Good may, however, come out of evil, and we trust that it will be long before the one great constitutional party, upon which the security of the country and the Empire depends, will again be hurled to destruction by the impetuosity of a trio of untried Ministers. Mr. Amery, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, and Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame should wear sackcloth and ashes for their part in hustling a too complaisant Prime Minister into a gamble beside which any of Mr. Churchill's wildest exploits appear eminently judicious. There could be no more striking testimony to Mr. Baldwin's character than that he emerges from such a crushing defeat with the personal esteem of his colleagues, of his party, and of the country. The tributes paid to him on the morrow of his downfall by such of his supporters as *The Morning Post* and Mr. Garvin, in *The Observer*, reflect as much credit on English journalism as upon Mr. Baldwin himself, inasmuch as they prove that political honour in this country is not reserved exclusively for those who win, by whatever means. Mr. Baldwin fought a battle so hopeless that but for his *naïveté* he never could have engaged in it. But he fought it gamely and as a gentleman. Not once in his speeches did he permit himself even remotely to approach the insincerity or the cheap and vulgar levity of many of his opponents. He maintained, throughout, the dignified level of a responsible statesman, while Mr. Lloyd George chose deliberately to simulate the style of a "back-chat" low comedian, reminiscent of his own Limehouse nights, on the principle, presumably, of a certain newspaper proprietor whose maxim was, "If you don't get there, go lower till you do."

Mr. Baldwin will retain the respect of his party, if not for his generalship, then at least for his courage and sincerity.

G.H.Q.

THE direction of the Conservative Party's central organisation has long been a weak spot in its equipment, and it must be held responsible for at least a share of the recent disaster. The necessity for drastically overhauling it is painfully obvious. Most of the local organisations, on the other hand, could render a good account of their stewardship.

Increased Income Tax?

THE fall in sterling is considerably increasing the burden of remittances to America necessitated by the payment of our debt on a dollar basis. Revenue is also disappointing, and the Treasury is already anticipating the necessity of increasing the income tax by at least 6*d*. It is difficult indeed to see how this can be avoided. An increase in England, overburdened with liabilities, simultaneously with a decrease in America, overburdened with cash, would be, however, a bitter pill for the unfortunate British income tax payer.

Not a hint of this possibility was given during the election, although it might have proved a very potent restraining influence against that rather casual turnover of votes which lost so many seats. Many would have found a revenue-producing tariff preferable to an increase in the income tax.

Adam Smith and Protection

THOSE Conservatives who somewhat hastily had to embrace the doctrine of Protection and are now uncomfortably conscious that the present generation, at least, is unlikely to accept it, may find themselves in a quandary when next facing their constituents. Even should they be willing enough to forget, their opponents will not be as ready to forgive.

To all placed in such difficulty we commend a perusal of the fiscal policy outlined in the December number of this REVIEW. We believe it embodies the fullest measure of Protection which stands the least chance of adoption by the country under present conditions. Even Adam Smith himself would to-day be likely to approve it, since it contravenes none of his essential axioms. He was, indeed, much more open-minded as to Tariffs than many who, without having studied him, profess to follow his

principles to-day, and who are, in fact, *plus royalistes que le roi.*

The Referendum

The arguments which we advanced last month in favour of submitting the Protection proposals to a Referendum rather than to a General Election have been strengthened by the result. We then pointed out that there were two other questions which, sooner or later, would have to be decided by the nation, namely, the Capital Levy and nationalisation of industries, both of which should be submitted to the verdict of a Referendum as single issues rather than to a General Election complicated by a dozen other considerations. We would add a third, Prohibition, speciously disguised in the form of local option.

Local Option and Prohibition

Local option has now been officially adopted as part of the Liberal programme, and a majority of the new House of Commons is, in fact, pledged to it. Although it was included in the manifesto issued by Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Asquith, it was not mentioned in the election addresses of many Liberal candidates. This omission was deliberate as part of the conspiracy to foist local veto upon the country before its significance was realised. Its advocates, of course, only regard local veto as a step towards universal prohibition, and they are content to move by stages because they doubt their ability yet to carry the programme as a whole. In the midst of a turmoil of arguments about Protection, Free Trade, the League of Nations, Capital Levy, etc., it was hoped that local veto would slip through almost unobserved. The claim is made that local control and regulation of the " drink traffic " are perfectly reasonable, and the extraordinarily disingenuous argument has even been advanced that if a locality voted for *more* public houses it could have them! Every effort is made to evade the point that the sole aim of the local optionists is to abolish all licences. Prohibition in America was not carried nationally until it was already in force in a majority of the States. It is obvious that unless general prohibition were in fact the goal local option would not be advocated. Its apostles would be content to leave individuals the liberty which they now possess to exercise their

personal preference. The local optionists are not satisfied with their right to abstain, but are determined to secure the additional power of enforcing abstinence on others. The divine right of majority rule is invoked, although obviously it would apply equally to compulsory vegetarianism, or to the abstinence from tobacco, which has already been imposed upon the unfortunate citizens of at least one American State.

The *reductio ad absurdum* of the case for local option was reached in Thanet, where a perfervid orator instanced a corner public house at a dangerous road crossing, where more than one motor accident had occurred, as a reason for control of the " drink traffic " by the people.

It is quite certain that if this question were submitted to the verdict of the whole nation by means of a Referendum, disentangled from a dozen other confusing party cries, immense numbers both of Liberal and Labour voters would poll against it, although on a comprehensive party programme they might support their parties, notwithstanding a solitary objectionable item. Equally, of course, some Conservatives would vote for it, but the result would truly reflect the national desire, the realisation of which is, or is supposed to be, the *beau idéal* of democracy. It cannot be maintained that such a question as Prohibition has anything in common with ordinary party politics, or that there is any other means than the Referendum by which the real will of the nation can be expressed.

France and Germany

THE Anglo-Franco-German problem has to all appearances appreciably advanced towards a solution. The French policy, despite the German resistance, encouraged by our failure actively to support France, has been justified by German recognition of the impossibility of holding out and of the advantage of capitulation. M. Poincaré, as good as his word, has already commenced preparations for a reduction of France's visible armed forces, and has invited our Government to take a share in the control of the Ruhr industries intended to contribute to reparations. *The Times* correspondent has opportunely discovered that Germany may stand to gain by separation of the wealthy Rhineland. We have repeatedly expressed the view that the dissolution of Germany into several, perhaps federated, States, freed from

the domination of the purely militaristic Prussia, offered the best hope of reparations, of European peace, and of German prosperity. We have never been able to fathom the reasons for the almost hysterical opposition to this view which has been so loudly voiced in this country.

The following brief extract from a valuable article by Mr. Permewan in THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW for December, which fully confirms what has been said in these pages, states a case to which we have seen no reasoned answer.

> "The ideal solution of the question of the safety of Europe seems to lie in the Federation of the German States, a United States of Germany, in which the racial instincts of the various constituent bodies would have free play, and which would have no menace for the future peace of Europe.
>
> "The predominance—almost the hegemony of Prussia—has been a curse to the world. Why should we deplore that it should be put an end to, with all its implications of militarism by which it was established and by which it has been maintained? There need not be any economic loss by reason of such a confederation, and there would be a great political gain.
>
> "Whether it be a monarchy or a republic it is for Germans themselves to determine; but the establishment of such a constitution need not be a humiliation for Germany, nor a disadvantage to the rest of the world."

P.R., or Second Ballot

As a result of the deadlock which has been produced by the General Election, there is a general and somewhat excited demand for a revision of our electoral system. The advocates of proportional representation and the second ballot are in full cry, determined to seize a more favourable opportunity than may offer again for a generation to promote their hobbies. It does not seem to have occurred to anyone that although, perhaps, by these means the risk of deadlock is diminished, it would not be eliminated, and the very fact that voters could back their alternative fancies would tend to perpetuate the multiplication of parties and even sections of parties.

Our real need is rather to get back to clear thinking and to a clear-cut two-party system. This will be accomplished by leaving competitive forces to find their national equilibrium, as they undoubtedly will when the electorate realises that it must brace itself to make a definite decision at the next election. The Liberal Party, notwithstanding

its considerable success in the recent polling, is an anachronism and must inevitably resolve itself into two sections, one of which will adhere to Labour and the other to Conservatism. The straight fight in the future will be between the constitutional forces, which will defend property and individual liberty—both articles in the creed of all orthodox Liberals—and the disruptive, predatory forces, which desire to rob all other classes in the State in the strange belief that by so doing they can benefit the one class which they claim to represent. Their policy of Capital Levy, nationalisation of industries, etc., is abhorrent to all the saner and more intelligent elements of Liberalism, as it is to the Conservatives themselves.

Two Parties

Much, however, of the Liberal programme at the last election was indistinguishable from that of the Labour Party and can have been inspired only by the desperate desire to outbid Labour for votes. It must inevitably alienate many old-fashioned Liberals, and we refuse to believe that these will be content to continue their support of a party which clearly cannot exist save by bidding higher and ever higher against its Labour rivals.

The one great mission of the Liberal Party having been accomplished, namely, the enfranchisement of the nation to the point of the practically universal suffrage of both men and women, the bulk of Liberals who by instinct and interest do not lean towards Labour must inevitably gravitate towards Conservatism. They are unlikely for a generation to find again such a powerful reason as was presented to them in the shape of the Protection policy to range themselves under a definitely anti-Conservative banner. Nothing could tend more surely to emphasise the dividing line between the only two real parties in the State, namely, the constitutional and the revolutionary, than the adoption of the Referendum as a method of deciding such crucial questions as Protection or Prohibition, which traverse these otherwise clearly cut lines of national party politics. The removal of such confusing subjects from the field of party would powerfully tend to the simplification of national issues into two broadly opposed divisions.

CURRENT COMMENTS

The Only Alternative

If we do not return to two great parties, one of which dominates from time to time, the ultimate alternative is plain. It will be one party, not three. The continuance for a very few years of the plague of three parties would so thoroughly disgust the country and bring it so near to ruin that a single party would emerge, as in Italy, and restore order and sane government by the simple process of a directory. After all, it would not be the first in English history, and in no country in the world would it be more likely to succeed. If democratic representative government breaks down, some form of authority or dictatorship must be substituted. The "proletariat" are the least likely section of the community to be able to provide it. They have entirely failed to do so in Russia, where a gang of criminal despots have usurped absolute power. There is no reason to doubt that, if the need arose, not only would the right men appear, but the "proletariat" would welcome them.

Labour and Foreign Policy

Serious concern is felt, not unnaturally, as to the probable mishandling of our foreign policy by a Labour Government. In our view, the danger is less than it appears. The Labour Party would certainly inflict upon us the humiliation of recognising the Russian dictatorship, but so, equally, would the Liberals. They would probably also render themselves ridiculous by perpetrating some foolish blunders. They would, however, be kept in check by the majority against them in Parliament if they ventured upon any absurdities calculated seriously to injure the country. They would also quickly learn that it is little use to bark unless you can bite. Hot air resolutions at Hamburg would have little effect in Paris, for instance, unless backed by force. Besides, what Labour Government would dare, yet awhile, to threaten force?

The Free State Loan

The £10,000,000 has been fully subscribed without, it is stated, the aid of the banks. There is naturally much jubilation at this unexpected success, in which the Minister of Finance, Mr. Blythe, deserves all the congratulations he has received. Unfortunately, according to our information, hardly any contributions have come from the farmers, the

one class without whose support the remaining £90,000,000 or so required by the Free State will never be forthcoming. The fact that the great institutions which have invested funds outside of Ireland are liable (naturally enough) to double income tax will tempt many of them to transfer their investments, but the total of these will fall very far short of the Free State's needs, unless the farmers' stockings are emptied into the national treasury, which we regard as extremely improbable. As, however, the banks are still in reserve and may be counted upon for probably £5,000,000, Mr. Blythe will be justified in offering another £10,000,000 before long. After that his success will depend upon the international credit of the Free State.

A POSITION of some complexity arose in Scotland owing to the clashing of the Local Veto polls with the General Election.

Pussyfoot in Scotland

Under the Scottish Temperance Act, 1913, the people of Scotland are called upon to vote every third year as to whether they desire the abolition of all licensed premises in the polling areas; their curtailment by 25 per cent.; or their numbers to remain as at present, subject, of course, to the decisions arrived at annually by the Licensing Magistrates.

All Parties were determined to keep the Temperance issue as far as possible in the background, but in Scotland they had no choice in the matter. During the election the temperance people showed a great deal of activity, both in publishing literature and in holding meetings, which probably did them more harm than good. The people of this country have quite enough to think about without being troubled with the repeated suggestion that they are doing something evil, which should be legislated against, when they consume a glass of beer in public or private. Our nation has managed to hold its head above water from the days of Hengist and Horsa without (save during the brief Puritan *régime*) any drastic curtailment of individual choice. Surely, when every return for convictions for drunkenness shows a steady decrease, the advocates of temperance would be better advised to content themselves with moral suasion than to persist in creating the confusion and ill-feeling in Scotland which result from attempted compulsion.

Anatole France

By J. Lewis May

A chapter from a critical biography to be published shortly by John Lane The Bodley Head, Ltd. 1 vol. Illustrated. 16s. net.

In the *Revue des Deux Mondes* Monsieur Ferdinand Brunetière once took occasion to hurl some rather terrifying thunder at Monsieur Anatole France. To say that Monsieur Brunetière did not approve of Monsieur France's critical methods would be to understate the case. He considered them not only unsound, but immoral. The thunder was loud, the earth trembled, but what lightning there was proved strangely harmless. It merely stimulated Monsieur France to pen a little essay on the functions of criticism, which is at once so witty and so sensible, so humorous and so skilful, so airy and so urbane, that it recalls, in tone and temper, that incomparable example of the controversial manner—Matthew Arnold's reply to the erudite but ponderous Francis Newman.

Monsieur France's little essay, which is prefixed to the third volume of *Life and Letters*, is, in fact, and notwithstanding its light and bantering tone, a very serious contribution to the science and art of criticism. Along with Anatole France, the august and somewhat Olympian gentleman who sat in the editorial chair of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* had included in his indictment the names of two other offenders: Monsieur Jules Lemaître and Monsieur Paul Desjardins. All three had been denounced by Monsieur Brunetière as guilty of subjective and personal criticism and as corrupters of youth. In a preliminary paragraph, Monsieur France explains the reasons which led him to dissociate himself from the alliance of these companions in crime and to face, unaided and alone, the fulminations of Monsieur Brunetière. "Monsieur Lemaître," he says, "is a modern and a

humanist. He respects tradition and loves novelty. He has an open mind, with a taste for beliefs. His criticism, indulgent as it is, even when he is employing irony, is, if correctly assessed, objective enough. I cannot quite understand what it is that annoys Monsieur Brunetière in his manner, unless it is, perhaps, a certain restless gaiety, as of a young fawn."

"As for Monsieur Paul Desjardins," he continues, "with whatever he may be reproached, it certainly cannot be with too frolicsome a gaiety. He is severe, and does not like people to write. For him, literature is the Beast of the Apocalypse. A well turned phrase strikes him as a public danger. He reminds me of the dismal Tertullian who stated that the Holy Virgin could not have been beautiful, otherwise she would have been desired, which is unimaginable. According to Monsieur Paul Desjardins, style is evil. Yet Monsieur Paul Desjardins himself has style, so true it is that the human soul is full of contradictions. His humour being what it is, his advice must not be asked on subjects so frivolous and profane as literature. He does not criticise; he anathematises, without hatred. Pale and melancholy, he goes his way scattering compassionate maledictions. By what turn of Fortune's wheel does he find himself burdened with a share of the charges that are heaped upon me, precisely when he declares, in his articles and in his lectures, that I am the barren fig tree of Holy Writ? With what shuddering horror must he appeal to the man who brackets us,—and say to him *Judica me, et discerne causam meam de gente non sancta?*"

Whatever Anatole France, in his attitude to literature, may have had in common with Jules Lemaître—and we think that perhaps it was not a little—with Monsieur Desjardins, if it indeed be true that "a well turned phrase strikes him as a public danger," he certainly had nothing at all. But it is important to consider and, if possible, to define, in what, precisely, this subjective criticism consists which Monsieur France professes and which called for such profound and unqualified disapproval from Monsieur Brunetière. We may get a hint of it from the following passage from *The Garden of Epicurus:* "These signs (printed characters) awake in us divine energies. That is the miracle. A beautiful verse is like a violin bow drawn across the resonant fibres of our soul. It is not his own thoughts, but ours, that the Poet sets singing within us. When he tells us of a woman he loves, it is our own loves and griefs he awakens entrancingly in our souls. He is an evoker of spirits. When we understand him, we are as much poets as he. We have in us, every one of us, a copy of each of our poets which no man knows of and

which will perish utterly and for ever with all its variants when we shall cease to feel and know. And do you suppose we should love our lyric bards so fondly if they spoke to us of aught else but our own selves?" That is a passage which deserves most careful scrutiny at the hands of all who would understand France's attitude not only towards literature but towards life itself. Not only the thoughts of the Poets, the ideas of the Philosophers, but the very objective and tangible things of the material world have a separate significance and a separate message in the mind of each individual beholder. The reader will recall the passage towards the end of *The Amethyst Ring* when Monsieur Bergeret is about to quit the provincial city in which he had taught for fifteen years, in order to take up his new professorial duties at the Sorbonne:

> "Come, now," said Monsieur Bergeret to himself, "here is a town in which I have lived for fifteen years, and which suddenly becomes strange to me because I am about to leave it. Now that it is no longer my own town it ceases to exist, and is nothing but a vain image. The reason is that the many interesting things it contains were only interesting in so far as they directly affected me. . . . This town, which to-day contains an archbishop's palace, a Faculty of Letters, a Faculty of Science, a Court of Appeal and a Court of Justice, the chief town of a rich department, only existed in reference to myself. It was peopled by myself alone; I was the only cause of its existence. It is high time for me to go; the town is fading away. I never knew that my mind was subjective to such a mad extent."

It is small wonder, then, that Anatole France (for if the voice is the voice of Bergeret the thoughts are those of his creator), with such ideas as these about the solid material universe, should have small sympathy with those who would regard objectively the airy things of the mind. If the world itself seems rather than is, if it is but the baseless fabric of a vision, if, like Clement of Alexandria, we hold that the objects we contemplate have none but an ideal existence, what can we say of the things of the mind but that they are the shadow of a shadow, the dream of a dream, intimate, personal and incommunicable? If it be true that, as Matthew Arnold defines it, criticism is "a disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world," how better can we hand on this knowledge to others than by endeavouring to make known the effect that such things have had upon ourselves? And how many or rather how few are they

who turn to books for solace or for inspiration, for aught indeed save idle amusement or utilitarian instruction? And these few are not always, or perhaps even usually, to be found among the professed exponents of literature; the most illuminating commentator on the works of the great masters is Life itself, and the critics are often so busy with their trade that they have no time to look round at the world about them. They are so studious that they keep their study lamp burning and their shutters closed long after the sun has risen. They shut out the air, they are deaf to the stir of the outer world. "When he [the Poet] tells us of a woman he loves," says Monsieur France in the passage we have quoted above, "it is our loves and griefs he awakens so entrancingly in our souls." Yes, but to know love and grief we must at least live, and that is what so many of our would-be guides in literature forget to do. And to live is to suffer, as Monsieur France knows well, and as he tells us in an unforgettable passage. "Amidst the eternal that envelops us," he says, "one thing is certain—suffering. It is the corner-stone of Life. On it humanity is founded as on a firm rock.—Outside it all is uncertainty. It is the sole evidence of a reality that eludes us. We know that we suffer, and we know nothing else. This is the base on which man has built everything. Yes, it is on the parched granite of pain that man has firmly established love and courage, heroism and pity, the choir of august laws and the procession of terrible or delightful virtues. If that foundation failed them, those noble figures would all crash together into the abyss of nothingness. Humanity has an obscure consciousness of the necessity of pain. It has placed pious sorrow among the virtues of the saints. Blessed are they that suffer, and woe to the fortunate! Because it uttered that cry, the Gospel has reigned over the world for two thousand years."

But the broad question of the relation of literature to life, and France's attitude towards this question, concerns, rather, his philosophy. To that we shall return later. In a sense all true literature is a criticism—a criticism of life, but for the moment we are concerned, in a narrower sense, with his critical method and his critical achievements.

His critical work, in this more restricted sense, is mainly comprised in the *préfaces* which have been collected in the volume given to the public under the title of *The Latin Genius*, and in the four volumes entitled *Life and Letters*, which are made up of the weekly causeries he contributed as literary critic of *Le Temps*. That these papers, written at regular weekly intervals, should hold a place in the forefront of Monsieur France's work, that they still excite an interest as fresh and engaging as the day on which they appeared, is sufficient proof that they are infinitely more than mere readable journalism, and stamps their author as the worthy successor of Sainte-Beuve, that exemplar of critics, whose task, after an interval of twenty years, he was called on to assume.

I believe that the practised reviewer, one who has got his hand well in, thinks little of " reviewing " half a dozen books in a morning; perhaps more, if they are well provided with indexes. One well-known critic of recent years boasted that, in his journalistic lifetime, he had " noticed " the incredible total of thirty thousand books. Truly, such a calling is no sinecure. If it merely amounted to this, that the book worth writing about came, by some favour of the gods, without delay and without trouble, into one's very hands, then perhaps it would not be an undue tax upon a man to write a *causerie* every seven days on such a book. But, when we remember that, for every book selected, there must be, at a modest computation, ten set aside; when, moreover, we bear in mind that, if the work is to be done with credit to the reviewer and profit to the reader, the book must not merely be read, but studied, it is evident that the writing of a weekly *chronique des livres* is a task that calls for a considerable measure of patience and skill. It will be of interest, therefore, to learn how Anatole France regarded his task. It happens that, in May, 1870, he began a series of articles on " Books of the Month," and this series he prefaced with the following remarks:—

" Well-bred people in the seventeenth century had a delightful way of expressing quiet approval of people with whom they liked to have friendly intercourse. It used to be said, in those days, that a man who was acquainted with the usages of good society, and took an interest in things of the mind, was an *honnête homme*, an honest man. Racine was a very *honnête homme*, who wrote fine poetry. Thus it was that he went

to the Louvre, although he was but of middling birth. To pass for an *honnête homme*, one had to be endowed with a delicate sense of the beautiful, which is the charm of life. Although our generation has turned out *honnêtes gens* at a lower price, we have, thank God, a few possessed of the qualities which Monsieur de la Rochefoucauld or Mlle. de Scudéry would have desired in them. The *honnêtes gens* of the seventeenth century, men of leisure, read and wrote long letters on literary novelties; our *honnêtes gens* (using this title in its old-fashioned acceptation) write fewer letters and read more articles. It seems to me that, to write in a review like the *Bibliophile français*, is to hold converse with them, and that it is they whom one must do one's utmost not to offend.

"We do not think that a review of the books of the month should be anything but a friendly conversation carried on in a tone suitable to the subject, but untrammelled by any system or theory.

"A task of this nature will gain, as we think, in charm and sincerity if we express our ideas and impressions as they come to us, without any obvious æsthetic restriction. . . .

"It will be our care only to put before our readers such books as we consider worthy their interest.

"Furthermore, we hold that this interest extends over the whole domain of arts and letters. Nowadays, when writers freely take an interest in the plastic arts, and when artists are sometimes very literary, there scarcely remain any boundary lines between the arts, and a literary critic, if he is to do his work well, must visit the museums with almost as much assiduity as he visits libraries. We shall, then, when occasion demands, pass from History to the Fine Arts, and from the Fine Arts to Poetry, and the title *Bibliophile français*, which will appear on each of our pages, will be no tax upon us in our various disquisitions, but will remind us, on the contrary, that every book worthy of the name is open to our predilection or our curiosity."

It may be well, however, to pause for a moment, in order to give a brief account of the nature of this objective criticism of which Monsieur Brunetière thinks so highly but which Monsieur France regards as non-existent.

When the reviewer, the conscientious reviewer, has given us his account of a book; when he has indicated its subject-matter; when he has pointed out the merits or demerits of its style; when he has "placed" the work in relation to other productions of a similar nature, he has performed as much as may reasonably be expected of him. This, essentially, is objective criticism. The critic will say whether the book is to be admired or condemned, and why, basing his conclusions not on any predilections of his own—his personal sympathies or antipathies must, indeed, be rigidly excluded—but on certain criteria traditional with the organ in which he is writing, or with the school of thought of which he is an exponent. He is not encouraged to digress, to indulge in asides, in confidences. The critic is a judge. He is presumed to have proved

his right to wear the ermine. His experience and that of his colleagues on the bench have probably taught him to regard most books that are brought before him with suspicion, and in his heart he will be disposed to "damn them at a venture." Like the young critic who did not shrink from laying down the law to Monsieur Sylvestre Bonnard, he will "point out every error with a remarkably lucid power of incisive criticism." And just as a judge is strictly bound by law as to what is admissible or inadmissible as evidence, so is your objective critic obliged or expected to deliver his verdict in accordance with certain time-honoured, traditional and supposedly immutable tests. His tendencies are prone to be conservative, even hide-bound, and his pronouncements are not always free from a certain assumption of omniscience, expressed or implied. Like Omar's master potter, *he knows*. Not of this school is Anatole France; emphatically not of this school. Criticism he holds, like philosophy and history, to be "a sort of romance designed for those who have sagacious and inquiring minds, and every romance is, rightly taken, an autobiography. The good critic is he who relates the adventures of his own soul among masterpieces." The phrase was notable, but it was followed, hard upon, by one more notable still. "Objective criticism," he went on to assert, "has no more existence than objective art, and all those who deceive themselves into the belief that they put anything but their own personalities into their work are dupes of the most fallacious of illusions." It sounded like rank heresy. It could not, and did not, fail to arouse the Brunetièrean indignation. As we have recorded, the thunder rattled, the lightning flashed, the fire ran along the ground. And lo! when it was all over, the object of these fulminations stood smiling and unscathed.

And yet Monsieur Brunetière had right on his side, after all. At least he was not wholly wrong. There *is* such a thing as objective criticism. It has crippled at birth many a writer who deserved a better fate; it has given a vogue to many who merited a far worse one. But on the whole, and despite these occasional miscarriages of justice, objective criticism has a being and it is well that the majority of reviewers should practise it. It is

not everyone whose "adventures among masterpieces" we should follow with any great degree of excitement; not everyone to whom we should be prepared to listen with pleasurable anticipation when he announced that he was going to speak of himself *à propos* of Shakespeare, *à propos* of Racine, or of Pascal, or of Goethe, for not everyone is, like Anatole France, both a scholar and a man of the world, a lover of books and a lover of life. The combination is exceedingly rare, almost as seemingly impossible as that ideal drink which, according to some wit, should combine the attributes of making one drunk and keeping one sober to enjoy it. Monsieur France never suffers his interest or enthusiasm concerning life to disturb his poise. Though he has somewhere said that the only childish people are those who never act like children, he always knows when he is playing the fool.

What may be called the "cloistered scholar" legend of Anatole France is as misleading as it is widespread. "There are bookish souls for whom the universe is but paper and ink," says Monsieur France. But he himself is not of these. "The man whose body is animated by such a soul," he adds, "spends his life before his desk without any care for the realities whose graphic representation he studies so obstinately. Of the beauty of women, he knows only what has been written about it. He is monstrous and ignorant. He has never looked out of the window." Monsieur France is right. Truly there is no ignorance so deadly as the ignorance of the learned. When Monsieur France tells us that he will talk of himself *à propos* of this masterpiece or of that, it is rather that he makes a book the occasion of entertaining us with some intimate reflections about life, not his own life only, but the experience common to all the sons of Adam and to all the daughters of Eve. This it is that gives the note of universality to his writings. French, indeed, he is in the structure and movement of his sentences, French in the passionate love of country, the "amour sacré de la patrie" that animates him, French in his profound reverence, his "desperate love," as he calls it, for Latin culture; yet this Frenchman, who says "the milk of the Roman Wolf forms part of our blood," who speaks of the "complexities" and the "confusion" which prevail in English

literature, who refers to the " phantoms of ideas in *Hamlet* as more impalpable than the ghost that wanders on the terrace at Elsinore," is more akin to the English spirit, more *sympathique* to the hearts of Englishmen, not, assuredly, because his language is " complex " or " confused," for never was there a style of more luminous purity, but because of a profound yet humorous sincerity in his attitude towards life and—beneath all the classical elegance of his writings—a certain quality of homeliness in the expression of it, which, in varying degrees, are characteristic of English literature from Shakespeare to Dickens.

The charm of Monsieur France's critical method lies in the absence, or apparent absence, of method. These contributions to *Le Temps* are, in very truth, *causeries*. He talks as easily and as unrestrainedly as he might chat to some old friend of his college days after dinner. There is no constraint in the atmosphere, nothing didactic, nothing professorial. Like Charles Lamb, he is not above stooping " to catch a glittering something in your presence, to share it with you, before he quite knows whether it be true touch or not." Perfectly at our ease, we may settle ourselves down in our armchair with a feeling of complete confidence in the performance and the performer. It will be informal, but the touch will be sure. We know from experience that there will never be a harsh or a jarring note. Amused tolerance, balanced judgment, mellow wisdom, effortless phrasing, learning profound but unobtrusive, and last but perhaps most important of all, rich and exquisite humour—such, set down in cold enumeration, are the qualities with which he illumines the subject of Life and Letters; such are the qualities, but how delicately, how miraculously blended! If the wisdom had been grimmer, the learning more ponderous, the humour less unforced, the effect would have been marred. We should have felt that he was addressing not a friend, not ourselves, but an audience. Monsieur France never mounts the rostrum. He never seems so remote but that he could, if he had a mind, lean over and lay a friendly hand upon our knee. He never has to raise his voice, to declaim. He is a friend, not a lecturer. He does not inculcate lessons or enunciate theories. His conversation

is gracious, persuasive, modest. You need not fear, when you enter into his presence, that the atmosphere is going to be frigidly intellectual or of that comfortless quality which the Americans call "highbrow." Nevertheless, because these little essays are utterly natural and unforced, it must not be supposed that there is no art in them. On the contrary, there is a very great deal. But so perfect is it that it is not discernible. Yet even this requires correction. When we say there is art in these *causeries* we do not mean in the plan, in the structure of them. They flow on with the unpremeditated ease of familiar conversation. The art is in the language, in the style. The structure is, apparently, the most artless thing in the world. For example, a "notice" of a modern novel—*Mensonges*, by Paul Bourget, a story of passion, jealousy and disillusionment—becomes a meditation on à Kempis's *Imitation*. "Is it not wonderful," he observes, "that the *Imitation*, written in an age of faith by a humble ascetic for pious and solitary souls, should be admirably suited to-day to sceptics and people of the world? A pure deist or peaceful atheist can make it his bedside book. . . . The lonely monk, whose work it is, . . . knew life profoundly. He had penetrated to the secrets of the soul and of the senses. Nothing in the world of appearances, amid which we struggle with cruel weakness and touching illusions, was hidden from him. . . . His book is the book of the best of men, since it is the book of the unhappy. There is no surer counsellor and no more intimate consoler. Ah, if Monsieur Paul Bourget's hero . . . had read over every morning the eighth chapter of the *Imitation*, if he had sought his joy in sadness and his pleasure in renunciation, he would not have tasted the worst of all sorrows, the only sorrow which is truly evil, the sorrow which does not purify but defiles, and he would not have endeavoured to die the death of the despairing." This is a typical example of Monsieur France's manner. It is the manner of one for whom great literature is not merely a pastime, an adornment, but a reality, a religion. In this little essay —there are not more than six pages of it—we learn much about Monsieur Bourget's book, which is well; but we learn more about Anatole France, which is better. We learn, for example, how it is he comes to be described as a pagan "haunted by the preoccupation of Christ."

ANATOLE FRANCE

A book is valuable in proportion to the emotions it stirs, to the associations it quickens in the mind of him who reads it. "When you read a book," says Anatole France, "you read it how you please, you read in it, or rather into it, what you choose." There is no rigid, immutable, external standard by which a book may be judged. Even the *securus judicat orbis terrarum* of Saint Augustine will not avail, nor is there, as Matthew Arnold would have it there was, any sort of collective, intellectual tribunal from which there is no appeal. "What," asks Monsieur France, "is a book? A series of little printed signs—essentially only that. It is for the reader to supply himself the forms and colours and sentiments to which these signs correspond. It will depend on him whether the book be dull or brilliant, hot with passion or cold as ice. Or, if you would prefer to put it otherwise, each word in a book is a magic finger that sets a fibre of our brain vibrating like a harp string, and so evokes a note from the sounding-board of our own soul. No matter how skilful, how inspired the artist's hand, the sound it awakes depends on the quality of the strings within ourselves." The truth is, perhaps, rather that literature and life react perpetually one upon the other, mutually enriching and illuminating each other. The world is riches, more full of significance for the lettered than the unlettered man, and, on the other hand, it is no less true that books withhold their profounder beauty, their more intimate secrets, from him who knows not Life.

Literature has been described as that which sundry men and women have written memorably about Life, and we need seek no better definition. This then is the critic's function: to interpret books in the light of life, of life as he knows it and has experienced it. In the case of Anatole France knowledge of literature and knowledge of life have united and taken root in a singularly gifted mind, and from their union has been born a series of meditations on Life and Letters, so wise, so gracious, so informing and, withal, so friendly and so human that, for all their seemingly ephemeral character, they are likely to endure long after works more expressly designed for immortality have sunk into oblivion.

A Medical Utopia

By Frank G. Layton, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

THE doctor looked at his patient—a cheerful, but exceedingly sick, little girl. "Well, Elsie," he asked, "how are you getting on?"

The little girl smiled. "Nicely, sir, thank you," she answered. Really she was not getting on nicely at all. She was dying slowly but surely. She had been in hospital, where everything possible had been done for her, and now she was at home again—incurable.

The doctor glanced round the room. It was cheerless, comfortless. Plainly there was not a spare penny in the family exchequer. The table was littered with broken food, an old boot, a tattered garment or two, a three days old evening paper, torn and grease-stained. The father of the house—unshaven, shabby, down-at-heel, a victim of many, many months of unemployment, but not yet entirely without hope—looked at the doctor. . . .

"What about your money?" he asked.

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "What about it?" he retorted. "Suppose I charge you so and so a week for looking after Elsie. How will that suit you?"

The man nodded. "All right," he said. "I'll try what I can do. I'll see you on Saturday."

He knew he would, and could, do nothing of the sort. The doctor knew it. Everybody in the room knew it. There was a conspiracy, to which all were parties, which aimed at keeping up some sort of pretence that the doctor would be paid. That would enable him to go on attending Elsie without anybody's feelings being hurt. . . .

There was a grim smile on the doctor's face as he departed, and as he stumbled down a very badly paved entry he thought to himself that in that room were tangled the strings of more than one social problem of the first magnitude. . . .

A MEDICAL UTOPIA

Every day the G.P. is confronted with the problem of the sick person who has no money. The "Panel" has taken charge of the wage-earner; but the dependants of the wage-earner—the wife, the children, the old mother, the aunts—are outside the scheme. Some of the women are in women's clubs; some of the children are in juvenile clubs. Often these clubs are run on sound lines; often they have an excellent working arrangement with the doctors; but equally often they are entirely unsatisfactory. And many, very many, of the dependants are not catered for, medically, at all. They are in no club; and their parents, unemployed, or only fitfully employed, have not the money for doctors' bills, or even for casual small fees. These people (and most of them are children) go undoctored, or, if doctored, only too often at the expense of the doctor. That is bad. It means a quite horrifying amount of preventable suffering, disablement and death; it takes a large part in the formation of that C 3 section of the community we heard so much about during the war. For—and this is a point often overlooked—doctoring of seemingly small ailments means, very often indeed, the prevention of big ailments. Measles, for example, is regarded as a small ailment. If dealt with properly it is seldom serious. But *neglected* measles is one of the most fruitful causes of serious, crippling, killing disease. And measles is the type of illness which is neglected because of the lack of pence to pay the doctor.

The dependants of the wage-earner *must* be considered when the Royal Commission gets to work. That thousands of poor people should seldom, if ever, get the medical attention they need is a blot upon our civilisation.

But the person too poor to pay a fee is not the only difficulty with which the G.P. is confronted. Day by day he is faced with the problems called up by the fact that he, an individual, has to work as an individual—almost always as an individual. He plays a lone hand. How bleakly lone it is only he can tell. He works alone. He does the whole of his job himself, and by himself. Day after day he sees his patients—alone. In case after case he would like a second opinion; but he cannot get it. The patient cannot afford the fee of a consultant. The doctor very often is not sufficiently in touch with the

nearest hospital to get the second opinion there. He can send his patient into hospital; but, if he does, he is likely to lose touch. Hospital people are very busy, and it is not easy for them to write letters about all the people who attend as out-patients, or are admitted to the wards.

The G.P. wants modern diagnostic help, laboratory help, bacteriological help. How is he to get it? He just doesn't. He does without. He carries on as well as he can, and in time he dies, a disappointed man. His ideals have come to nothing. His vision of a Real Medical Service has remained a vision—a fantasy—a dream.

And, being a lonely man, playing a lone hand all the time, the G.P. is cut off from anything like the full life of the average man. For him the evening means "Evening Surgery"—6 till 8, or later, with perhaps a visit or two afterwards. He must cut out theatres, dinners, every sort of normal evening entertainment, from his scheme of things. For him there are no week-ends. People will send for him on Sunday just as fervently as on any other day of the week. If he does not go speedily they will ask the reason why; and they will not be content until they get a satisfying answer. Their need seems to them urgent above all else. They want the doctor in a hurry. It is up to him to come in a hurry. As a rule he does. It is his job to come in a hurry, at whatever personal inconvenience. But . . . the average person has little idea what a price (reckoned in terms of personal discomfort) the G.P. pays for the privilege of being a G.P.

Is it desirable that the G.P.—the man who does the bulk of the doctoring in this country—shall go on being a harassed, tired, over-driven man? Is he likely to be able to give of his best if he never gets an evening off, if he never sees a play or meets his friends at the dinner table? Hard things are said of the Panel doctor. If the charges levelled at him are investigated it will be found that their cause, as a rule, lies in the fact that he is the typically over-driven G.P.—the man with little leisure. His brother who is not on the Panel usually has an easier time. His work is less pressing and better paid. He is not so closely tied to his surgery in the evening. He can, he does, look in at a theatre occasionally. He can, he does, go out to dinner once in a while. He has more

chances of meeting his friends, and so of keeping in touch with the things that help to make life easy. But even he lives a life that would drive any business man to drink or suicide or dementia. Is there no remedy?

There is. The trouble is that the G.P. plays a lone hand. There is no conceivable reason why he should go on doing it. There are countless good reasons why he should forsake his loneliness and seek the company of his fellows. The Panel System (new style) should point the way. There is to be a Royal Commission. Is it too much to hope that from it there will emerge a scheme whereby men will be encouraged to work in groups—in teams? Under some such system the doctor would no longer be a lonely man, playing a lone hand. He would be one of a team, all pulling together; all putting their weight into the common pull. There would be no difficulty as regards consultations, for the members of the team would consult as a matter of course. There would be no difficulty about nights off, for the work of the team would be arranged so as to allow of times off. And every team might be put in touch with a laboratory man, an X-ray man, every sort of special man. Is the suggestion Utopian? It certainly is not. The work in the hospitals is run on those lines now. No one in the hospitals is expected to play a lone hand. On the contrary, in the hospitals every man's work is open to everybody; it is criticised by everybody; and anyone who is fool enough to try to play a lone hand has his leg pulled so hard that he almost wishes he had never been born!

Team work! That is the panacea. When we doctors are arranged in groups, each man doing the work which most appeals to him, the Medical Service will be really going strong. The weak individual will be ruled out, or helped forward. The tired-out, overworked man will be given a chance to make good. The rotter will be put where he belongs. That alone will be more than just worth while.

And what about the Elsies?—the poor little suffering dependants? If our statesmen cannot solve that problem they do not deserve the title of statesmen. They *must* evolve something for the many thousands of Elsies . . . !

The Wickedness of Wang-hi

By Rolf Bennett

WANG-HI was poor, poor even for a Chinese coolie, which is saying a great deal. In addition to his other troubles, he had a wife and five children, all dependent on him for their livelihood and all resentful that the livelihood he provided was so very inadequate.

Sometimes, during the season, Wang-hi's wife worked in the paddy fields, but this increased rather than diminished Wang-hi's troubles. For then his wife would bitterly upbraid him, pointing out that before their marriage she had scarcely soiled her hands, having been hand-maid to the Lady Li-chang. And Wang-hi, knowing this to be true, would wring his hands and call upon his honourable ancestors to witness that his poverty was as distasteful to him as it was to his wife and family.

But each succeeding month saw Wang-hi become poorer and poorer. Things were very bad in the province of Kiang-si and labour was at a discount. Wang-hi could scarcely gain sufficient to keep his family from utter starvation, and each day his wife grew more and more resentful.

Then, one day, the news spread throughout the province that Tuang-ho, a wealthy young mandarin, had slain another man and had been condemned to death by the courts. It was most unfortunate for the young mandarin that the man he had slain had been even more important and wealthy than himself, otherwise he could have bribed the officials to let him off. But under the circumstances this was impossible, because the dead man's relatives could easily out-bribe him. But there was still one way out, quite orthodox and in order, and Tuang-ho lost no time in taking advantage of it. He had a long talk with his secretary, and, at the conclusion, this worthy man set forth to find the poorest coolie in the province.

And in due course he came to the hovel which Wang-hi called "home."

Wang-hi was not in when the secretary called, but to Mrs. Wang-hi he made known his business.

"I will inform my wholly despicable husband of your honourable suggestion," said Mrs. Wang-hi. "I have no doubt that he will most gladly accept it, for such an opportunity as that offered by your honour occurs only once in a lifetime."

The secretary departed after promising to call next day, and Mrs. Wang-hi awaited eagerly the coming of her husband. In the meantime she busied herself about the hovel, making it look as presentable as circumstances would permit. She even gathered flowers and arranged them tastefully about the one room, and when this was done she took the few remaining "cash" which should have lasted the week out and bought trepang for her husband's supper, a delicacy he had not tasted for many months.

When Wang-hi at last arrived, weary, dispirited and hungry with not a solitary "cash" earned, he was amazed to see how altered, how clean—from a Chinese point of view—his home had become. Then he noticed the flowers, and, finally, the savoury smell of the cooking trepang assailed his nostrils.

"Oh, honourable one!" cried his wife, casting herself at his feet, "great good fortune has overtaken us since you departed this morning."

Wang-hi looked dazedly about him and passed a hand across his brow.

"Truly great changes have been wrought," he murmured. "And surely I smell the delightful odour of trepang?"

"Indeed you do, O honourable and never-sufficiently-to-be-respected father of our children," answered his wife. "Have I not told you that great good fortune has befallen us?"

"Explain, most honourable of wives," said Wang-hi. "Has your father or some rich relative passed to his ancestors and left you his worldly goods?"

"No, no, it is better even than that," answered his wife. "It is you, yourself, who have done it. Yes, no other than the greatly-descended Wang-hi himself."

"But how? Explain, O lovely flower of the lotus,"

said Wang-hi and therein lied abominably, for his wife in no way resembled a lotus flower, but rather a shrunken walnut in its husk.

"When you have eaten," was the reply, and as Wang-hi subsided upon a pile of rags which did duty as cushions, his wife took the trepang from the fire of burning straw and set it before him.

"This is, indeed, a delight to my nostrils," said Wang-hi as he inhaled the delicious aroma. "My honourable ancestors must have taken pity upon the poverty of their totally unworthy descendant."

Wang-hi proceeded to eat the trepang with much relish, and while he was doing this his wife procured a cup of powerful stimulant obtained from fermented rice.

"Drink this," she said, "and offer praise to your exalted ancestors who have permitted this great good fortune to befall you."

Wang-hi drunk, and then, having finished the trepang, demanded to know the source of this sudden wealth.

"Have I not told you, my honourable lord, that it is you who have done all this?" said his wife.

"I? What have I done?" asked Wang-hi in bewilderment. "To-day I have not earned a single cash."

"There, most delightful and charming of men, you are wrong, though I, your unworthy and utterly-to-be-despised wife, tell you so."

Poor Wang-hi grew each moment more mystified. Never, since their marriage, had his wife paid him such flowery compliments; indeed, her mode of address was usually the very reverse of complimentary.

"Explain," he said again. "I do not understand. All this savours of magic."

"Listen, then," answered his wife. "You have heard that the great and noble Tuang-ho is to be beheaded for slaying his friend?"

"I have heard such talk," replied Wang-hi, "but the affairs of the honourable and exalted great are no concern of mine."

"The very noble and praiseworthy Wang-hi must forgive the wretched creature who enjoys the altogether undeserved privilege of being his wife, if she contradicts

him. The affairs of the mighty Tuang-ho do greatly concern him."

"How so?" asked Wang-hi, who began to think he must be dreaming.

"Listen, O favoured of the gods," answered his wife softly, at the same time nestling down at his feet that she might the better fan him. "A messenger came here to-day from the Lord Tuang-ho, seeking you."

"Seeking me!" Wang-hi sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"Yes, a grave and noble man, a mandarin of many buttons. And he sought the favour of speech with the honourable and widely esteemed Wang-hi."

"Fan me closer," said Wang-hi, "I have great need of air."

"And as I was saying," pursued his wife, obeying while she let the words fall from her lips like drops of honey, "it is you, my husband, who can confer a great favour upon the Lord Tuang-ho and his lofty ancestors."

"How?" demanded Wang-hi.

"By a most easy and honourable service. One that will find merit in the eyes of your ancestors and will cause your family to cherish your delicious memory with——"

"Cherish my memory! What mean you?" broke in Wang-hi. "Am I dead that you should speak of my memory thus?"

"No, not yet, most handsome and adorable of husbands," replied his wife hastily.

But Wang-hi was becoming impatient and a trifle suspicious, so he harshly bade his wife tell him what this remarkable service was that he could perform for the great and honourable Tuang-ho.

"Tell me in a word, or I will beat you!" he cried, for the rice-spirit was affecting his usually sweet and gentle disposition.

"It is such a little thing, a mere trifling journey," answered his wife. "All you need do is to accept from the munificent Tuang-ho one hundred silver taels."

"And then?" demanded Wang-hi, in whose mind a most disquieting suspicion was beginning to form.

"Then—oh—then you just allow yourself to be executed in place of the exalted Tuang-ho."

Wang-hi rose to his feet in wrath and, regretfully be it said, smote his wife and called her evil names. And he said also that he would not suffer in place of the despicable and utterly worthless Tuang-ho for a hundred taels or a hundred thousand taels. He said many things of a like unworthy nature, and then flung himself down to sleep, for he was tired after his long day's search for work, and, besides, the potent rice-spirit had made his head ache.

When he awakened early next morning, it was to find his five children kneeling by his side. Seeing that he was awake, they lifted up their voices with one accord.

"O most honourable and never-to-be-sufficiently-venerated father, we need badly a hundred taels. For months we have been hungry and have fed upon refuse that even the rats despised."

Wang-hi sprang to his feet, but ere he could make his escape, as was his intention, his eldest daughter had sunk upon her knees and thrown her arms about his legs.

"Do this little thing for us, honourable father, and we will venerate you as no ancestor has ever been venerated. Come, my father, think of the joy and comfort that will be ours when we receive the hundred taels."

But Wang-hi was still obdurate; in fact, he was incensed and smote his daughter severely.

"Shame on you, Wang-hi!" cried his wife. "To refuse such a trifling thing as this is enough to make your noble ancestors turn in their honourable graves. What other man in all this province has a chance of earning one hundred taels, and that without so much as lifting a hand? I, a woman, scorn you, Wang-hi."

And she added the Chinese equivalents of "You great big lazy good-for-nothing hulking brute." But still Wang-hi, the incredibly selfish, refused to part with his head for a hundred taels, and would have rushed out of the house but that again his family clung about his legs.

"Be a sportsman, father," was what they said in effect, but Wang-hi refused to be anything of the kind, and, thrusting them from him, at last made his escape. And, following his departure, there was wailing and gnashing of teeth in the house of Wang-hi.

Presently it occurred to the wife of Wang-hi that her husband might have intended all along to accept the offer

made by the noble Tuang-ho, and had merely been acting in order to avoid a painful leave-taking. She grew more and more convinced that this must be the case, and even began to sing at the thought of all the things she would be able to buy with the hundred silver taels.

At midday the emissary of Tuang-ho arrived and inquired whether the honourable Wang-hi had agreed to accept his master's munificent offer of a hundred taels.

"Most exalted of men," replied the wife, "the unworthy and utterly despised Wang-hi abases himself in gratitude before the lordly Tuang-ho and begs to be permitted the honour of having his head chopped off."

"Good," said the emissary, "where is the most worthy and soon-to-be-glorified Wang-hi?"

"Wait and I will fetch him," answered the woman, but as she was about to leave the house an excited neighbour burst in upon them.

"A most dreadful thing has happened!" he cried. "A terrible and grievous injury, an insult of the very first grade, has been inflicted upon your aged and most venerated father!"

"What is it?" asked the wife of Wang-hi.

"It is so terrible that I scarcely dare tell you," answered the neighbour, "but since you must know, this is it. Your debased and wholly ignoble husband has committed suicide on the doorstep of your honourable and heaven-afflicted father."

As no Chinaman does such a thing unless he has received an unforgivable injury from the person on whose doorstep he commits suicide, the venerable father of the afflicted wife of the altogether-too-infamous Wang-hi was seized by the authorities and cast into prison.

But the most distressing thing of all was that the honourable and highly-mightily-begotten Tuang-ho was beheaded.

A Housemaster's Belief

By A. H. Trelawny-Ross
(*Sherborne*)

THE glory of a school lies not in its predominance in one sphere of activity, but in the character, the capacity and the vision of every individual it has trained. And as the home is the most important unit in national life, so in a normal public school is the house. It is there that boys meet with triumph and disaster, learn to take the rough with the smooth, to face ridicule or accept praise as men should do; there, in short, that they learn the art of living together and build up a spirit of service.

There is a danger in it. If the keenness of a house be fostered merely to give effect to a policy of supremacy and blatant gladiatorialism, both itself and the school will suffer. But if it be part of a real search for the best in life, and of a boy's realisation that a high standard of thought and effort is demanded of him, then it should develop into a genuine desire to "serve" in wider fields.

A boy's outlook does not at first travel far beyond his immediate surroundings, and it will be in and through his house that he will learn his duty to the school.

"Housemastering" is a long chapter of missed opportunities, however successful a man may be; but if he can realise that he is training boys for the future more than for the present, that sound foundations must be deep, that it is often his fault if a boy fails, and that to let boys work out their own salvation is sometimes to let them drift to their own damnation, then he is starting with a fair chance of justifying his position.

If he agrees that all weakness of mind or body is equivalent to deformity, he has to aim at an even balance of the main interests of his boys. He may feel with Novalis that the ideal of moral perfection has no more dangerous rival than the ideal of the highest strength and the most energetic life, which only needs ambition and

selfishness to be a perfect ideal of the devil, but he will also know by experience that games are the real expression of boy-nature and that your modest athlete is often the best material to work with.

He will hate sloppy ineffectiveness as much as he will dislike arrogant athleticism. He will know that brains are a finer gift than physical prowess, and yet he will remember George Herbert's dictum that a handful of good life is worth a bushel of learning, and will realise that to be intellectual is not necessarily to be morally sane.

So he will seek an even balance between intellectual and physical interests, but subordinating both to the first of all objectives, " character."

" A boy is already of consequence in the world when it is known that he can be relied upon," says Smiles; and, given a fair start and a fair chance, most boys will soon attain that position. Do they get them?

No housemaster is likely to write anything new. But caricatures of school life are common, and when one has extracted truth from twaddle some questions remain to be answered.

Have boys been allowed to drift too much in the past? Can more direct control be exercised without destroying initiative? Do boarding schools justify their existence?

Here alone is enough matter for thought, but before one can come to grips with it there are other points to be mentioned as showing that it is not all plain-sailing. The housemaster is up against all sorts of difficulties in seeking this balance. He sees boys crammed, not educated, in games. He himself, if (as one hopes) he be a lover of games and has had some skill in them, may let his keenness run away with his judgment. Even in the matter of ethics he may tend to cram rather than to educate. Here is the first pitfall for the enthusiast. He feels also that youth is the only time when foundations of real virility can be laid. Soon it will be too late. May not culture be built up as a sort of superstructure on foundations of virility when the time for learning hardness is past? So, if he feels as a man ought to feel, he will be tempted to aim at those foundations first.

But then there are boys who are obviously not built for that. How far must he go with them? Again, shall

he pick boys of one type socially or intellectually, or shall he mainly choose athletic boys to give his house a reputation?

In striking the balance he has often enough, if all one hears be true, to face the existence of a "Games House" in the school and to build up the highest ideals of keenness and courage and determination against heavy odds, unless he be prepared to sacrifice the balance. It is not "free trade"; but the good of the school demands self-restraint; and if he be an old player himself it will be amazingly hard.

Once he has an unquestioned hold over his house (and Heaven help him and the boys if he has not!), he has to differentiate between liberty and licence and see that his prefects do so. The best-regulated house is always that in which the discipline is the most perfect and yet the least felt. He has to be sure that the Head of his house has enough judgment to control punishment by other prefects wisely. He himself has to be able to see when a boy is failing and to know why. He realises, too, that many boys are unconsciously so much the victims of their surroundings that they are really dual personalities at home and at school. Which is the real and abiding one?

He has to face the dominating fact of home influence. When it is good, the help is enormous; and the man who wants good boys usually picks his parents as much as their offspring! Home influence, or the lack of it, is at least as much responsible for a boy's shortcomings and for his virtues as any school system or the lack of it. "While homes, which are the nurseries of character, may be the best of schools, they may also be the worst. How incalculable is the mischief which ignorance in the home has the power to cause!" So writes one of our great essayists.

With few exceptions, the boy who makes his mark by strength of character and singleness of purpose comes from a home where simplicity and limited indulgence have been his lot. Every feature of the home atmosphere has its effect upon the human boy's outlook. Indulgence or discipline, refinement or cheapness, religious feeling or carelessness, all make their mark. Can a school always root out in a few short terms the selfishness of a less ideal home? If it were not for the astonishing work of prepara-

tory schools, the housemaster's task would at times be insuperable.

Most great men have had cause to bless their mothers. Napoleon, Samuel Johnson, Washington, and a host of others have joined in the common tribute, and the suggestion that mothers are a nuisance to schoolmasters is surely overdone. If a house be right and a mother still anxious, what more easy than to ask her to stay in the place for a day or two? She will go away with peace of mind and will not worry one again. A mother's own words will express the one danger. " After he is fourteen a boy must not be tied to his mother's apron-strings. I can hold him without that. The over-mothered boy of to-day will be the hen-pecked husband of to-morrow."

Again, what of hereditary weakness of character, or inborn peculiarities of temperament, which are most apt to become obvious at the public school age? How many critics, with all their wisdom, have studied these mental peculiarities in boys or traced them back to origins working their way long before any school influence was brought to bear? Shall the housemaster delve into all this, or shall he have fixed standards that admit of no exceptions?

If he is to minimise wastage in the world of school (and that has been the curse of the past), he must study his boys as individuals and not be afraid of surprises. If he can see when a sensitive boy needs encouragement, and discriminate between harmless exuberance and budding arrogance, or between friendliness and " oiling," and know when to prevent the intellectual boy becoming a prig and the footballer " that dreariest of all bores, the self-satisfied athlete," or see when a boy's failings may be due to the influence of an undisciplined sister at home, or of one from a girls' school that is not unimpeachable; and when he can see that he is putting a boy into danger of lying (for not all boys show what Dr. Arnold used to call " moral transparency "), and yet know what barriers of reserve to break down, and judge when a colleague's impressions of a boy are well-founded or the reverse; when he can solve these difficulties and a dozen more in his stride, he has cleared the ground for attaining those main objects which he has in view.

The housemaster usually has the right intentions, but

not always the right touch. That is an important fact. And there are always pitfalls. He may be one of those whose weakness it is always to wish to appear in the van of progress. Like all such, he will often fail unless (possibly unknown to himself) he has some sturdy disciplinarians under him to deal with the inevitable five per cent. who need it. He will sometimes, too, forget that constructively one thing counts most—example. Boys are imitative, and talk is useless unless precept be reflected in the life of him who gives it.

Also a man must be accessible to boys for all just relief of mind in work (or even in games) or in the problems of everyday life. But he must know where accessibility ends and familiarity begins, though the right man will seldom have to define it. If he cannot combine virility with sympathy, let him hand over his job to others. This is all as essential as it is obvious.

He may be tempted, perhaps, in a crisis to be theatrical —a fault which boys invariably see through, as they will through any petty bluff. Still he needs tact. As a boy's protector he has to deal with genuine misunderstandings with colleagues and to do justice to both sides. He has further to recognise the full power of " suggestion," and to realise that to " suggest " to boys that they can do more in physical effort than in fact they safely can is as fatal as to allow second-best effort in any direction as a result of pessimistic auto-suggestion.

If one object be to minimise wastage—in other words, to check all bad tendencies that may overwhelm the weaker characters and to direct the energies and talents of the stronger ones into the most useful channels, subject always to considerations of initiative and fair enterprise—the keen housemaster must pay some attention to detail and not let things drift haphazard.

To my mind he should have real personal knowledge of a boy's health and strength instead of leaving it to a deputy. He sees boys under all conditions both in action and when reaction comes, and many a judgment upon work or conduct would be different had he known all that he might. To make it a rule that a boy, when unwell, should come to the housemaster before going to the matron would teach men a great deal.

Again in the past the tendency has been rather to ignore the junior boys, forgetting that they are the prefects of the future and that a good start means everything. And here comes in the question of the big break in the life of the thirteen-year-old boy coming from his preparatory school. Often enough he is physically and mentally a child. Five years later he is, to all intents and purposes, a man.

This transformation would not be a matter for anxiety were the conditions always ideal for the process. But are they? Sometimes not. On coming to a public school a boy feels rather helpless and misses the guiding hand of his preparatory school headmaster. If he takes the wrong road, it is the housemaster's fault. He ought to have made himself so accessible that it is easy for the boy to regard him as a sheet-anchor. He has gone on the excellent advice " Run your house through your prefects " without adding the essential complement, and the mainspring of my argument, " Concentrate upon the younger boys as well; get into touch with them by a letter or visit in the holidays before they come; get them keen on their games and all else and give them a lofty conception of their duty to house and school; bridge over that big break in their lives; give them a fair chance, and leave nothing to any other kind of chance." Those first impressions will take them a very long way.

Does this mean less of that freedom which a boy has to learn to use and not abuse? Surely not. It means more, for when a man has brought up a house on these lines he will have the surest guarantee of good tone, and with it the splendid liberty that comes from collective freedom of conscience. It is astonishing what initiative in thought and conversation boys will show when this freedom is enjoyed. Once he has attained this he can afford to develop varied interests in the house with the support of his boys. And why divorce ethics from religion? May not a two-minutes' talk on courage or determination or sympathy be a wholesome addition to house prayers? Or may not a poem from *The Island Race* do as much good at the moment as a lesson from the Old Testament, without any undervaluation of the latter or denial of its inspiration? And to the boy whose character is being formed, what more

useful than self-chosen objectives difficult of attainment to be worked or played or lived for during the term, with the sympathetic knowledge of one who can give encouragement?

There is, of course, no end to the points of view which he can suggest to his prefects, such as the fact that in these days of compulsory games fagging does not exist to train the small boys, nor merely to relieve the senior ones, but to train the latter in the rightful use of privilege and power; or again, the proper use of newspapers and debating societies, and of literary effort; or again, a system of house essays on subjects that can produce useful thought and form a basis of discussion between master and boy *; even the checking of his tradesmen's bills at the end of term by each individual to teach values and responsibility —both experiments that have met with success: all these are bricks in a wall worth building and are the antithesis of drift.

And the second question: Can more direct control be exercised without destroying initiative?

All this certainly implies more indirect hold to minimise wastage, but direct compulsion does not really enter into the question as much as willing co-operation. That should seldom fail when a man has known his boys from the start, steered them when they needed it, rejoiced in their triumphs and cared about their failures.

Meeting evils by anticipation is not the way to overcome them, but prudence demands a fair facing of facts, and so under these happy conditions it is easy and wise to discuss and define frankly the duties and responsibilities of senior boys—to run their games as far as possible (but to be wise enough to get help in coaching if their housemaster can give it), to enforce discipline strictly but not blatantly, not to interest themselves in various individuals so much as to raise the collective tone of the place by stimulating keenness and thoroughness in every direction. The individual is more the concern of the man who has known him from the start, or before he came, and with his experience is less likely to make mistakes. Of course, he will consult the seniors often enough; but in general their duties are towards the community as a whole, and lie more

* Described fully in the *Preparatory Schools Review*, Dec., 1919.

in the region of practical administration than of psychological study.

And who are to be the prefects? If in holding the scales evenly between intellectual and physical claims we subordinate both to "character," then it is character in a broad sense that must decide the choice of prefects. Is this revolutionary? One knows the failure a boy may be when shot into an impossible position solely because he has more brains for school work than his fellows. And one knows that one's best prefects have often been in the Fifth Form, or even lower. "Let a man of energetic and upright character be appointed to a position of trust and authority, and all who serve under him become, as it were, conscious of an increase of power." There are your prefects. A man will soon spot the likely leaders, and long before their responsibility begins he will have started to steer them unconsciously towards it. He must, of course, be wise enough to know when he is debarring boys from legitimate spreading of their wings, for if he has given them a fair start he will be both bound and willing to afford them scope for that.

Will he turn out prigs? Not if he be a proper man himself. Will he overwork? Undoubtedly, for he has in addition all the ultimate responsibility of feeding boys, maintaining a large building, coping with much correspondence, school teaching and other activities—almost more than any man should be expected to do—but it is not pleasant work that kills. Will he have time to marry? Yes, but his study must be his office, and the term will be his office hours.

Will such a system turn out men who have no root in themselves? Such weaklings may be proved, but it is not the development of the best and the discouragement of the worst in them that has made them weak, but some inborn quality of temperament which, as a great teacher said, nothing but the Grace of God can alter; and he added, "Keep boys young as long as you can; and when you have done your utmost just remember that you cannot be Providence as well."

And is all this a fit training for the "world"? Well, "cloistered virtues do not count for much," and practical wisdom is only to be learnt in the school of experience.

But this cuts both ways, and surely the deeper the foundations the more likely a man is to settle down, sooner or later, to what he was brought up to. There is the answer.

Needless to say, the human housemaster will believe with Luther that gaiety and courage are the medicine for young men, and cheeriness will be the main feature of the place. The great questions of religion and churchmanship and of morality in its narrower sense will loom very large; but both are too big a subject for treatment in a paragraph and the last is not usefully discussed in writing. Mass-production in ethics is as unsatisfactory as it is of motor cars, and in any case no man could properly deal with such matters without the risk of cheapening all that is done in one way or another by parents and others to develop in boys a right and reasonable conception of life and its responsibilities.

And in the end, do boarding schools justify their existence? On the whole surely they do, at any rate for boys. Do not the letters of old boys again and again show one that? And in the future they will do so, I believe, in increasing measure. Things are far better than they used to be; younger men are appointed to important posts, and only false ideas of education, ending finally in the death of self-discipline itself, will check their full usefulness, especially in days when home life is not quite so sure or so simple as it used to be. Each mind makes its own little world, and not much harm will come to boys who are brought to look upward and forward.

And so the majority of us declare our faith in the capacity and the will of boys for splendid effort—given that fair chance and that fair start. No fool is so great a fool as the schoolmaster who lives in a fool's paradise; but where there are failures, it is usually not the boy that is to blame.

An article on "National Boarding Schools" by Mr. Ernest Remnant will appear in our next issue.

A Night with an Arab Farmer in Transjordania

By Lord Raglan

As we enter the gate we find ourselves in a large court-yard of irregular shape. In one corner half a dozen camels are tethered on the ground, and are being given their evening meal of balls made of a kind of small bean. There are twenty or thirty cows in the yard, and the ploughmen are coming in, each seated on a donkey, with the wooden shaft of the plough trailing behind, driving his pair of bullocks in front of him.

The guest-chamber is on the left as we enter. It is a large square building with the door in the middle of the north wall and a window on each side of it, but no windows in the other walls. It is built of dressed limestone; over the door is an old Greek basalt lintel carved with festoons of vines.

The eldest son of the sheikh bids me welcome and takes my horse's head. The sheikh meets me in the doorway and shakes me warmly by the hand, using the customary expressions of welcome.

Some always insist on kissing one; this is not as bad as it sounds—one merely puts one's mouth in the vicinity of the other man's ear and makes a kissing noise.

As one enters one says, "Peace be upon you," and all reply, "And upon you peace," and the sheikh completes the formula with "And the mercy of God and His blessings."

In towns and places frequented by foreigners this greeting is kept for Moslems, but in the country everyone uses it, and not to return a Christian's greeting is considered churlish rather than pious.

Everyone rises and one is shown to the seat of honour, which is opposite the door, thus differing from a tent, in which the seat of honour is against the partition.

The floor is of cement made of mixed lime and earth. At the door there is a step down, leaving a space in which people leave their boots. The roof consists of stone arches, then poplar wood rafters, and finally rushes covered with mud. The flat top is slightly out of the horizontal, so as to let the water run off into a storage cistern, and is kept flat by being rolled after rain with a small stone roller. The walls are white and bare except for some crude coloured patterns made by the women and a few texts from the Quran.

There are two small cupboards containing pipes, etc., and at the end there is a large recess in which are stacked a dozen quilts ready for the night.

All round the room are spread mattresses covered with carpets, and each guest has a wooden box-shaped stool with a cushion to rest his arm on.

As soon as we have seated ourselves those who have arrived before us raise their right hands to their brows and say, "May God give you a good evening," to which we reply, "Good evening." We then call for water, which is brought in a wooden bowl out of which all who wish drink, and then everyone says to the drinkers, "Prosperously," to which the answer is "God prosper you."

There are in Arabic a large number of these conventional expressions. They may sound absurd, but are not more so than our "Please don't trouble," "Not at all," and so forth, and their use is absolutely standardised, so that one always knows that one is saying the proper thing. The foreigner who does not trouble to learn them is always regarded as an ignorant, ill-mannered person.

There is a story of a bishop who visited a Christian village. He called for water in the presence of the inhabitants assembled to pay their respects, all wished him prosperity, and he had to invite the deity to prosper about a hundred men in rapid succession. He swore never to drink in public again.

Meanwhile our host is making the coffee, a task too important to be left to the women. In the middle of the room is a square of stones let into the floor, and in this is a charcoal fire round which stand half a dozen brass coffee-pots of different sizes. The more important a sheikh, the larger and more numerous are his coffee-pots.

The beans, having been examined and broken ones rejected, are placed in a huge iron spoon with a handle about three feet long. In this they are roasted till they are nicely brown, not black, and are then poured into the mortar, which is heavy and made of carved oak, as is the pestle. The operator produces a sort of tune by striking alternately the beans and the sides of the mortar. This is not as easy as it looks, and to do it skilfully is considered something of an accomplishment. The coffee is then poured into one of the pots, boiling water and a pinch of cinnamon added, and it is then brought up to boiling point several times but not allowed to boil. The host then takes three or four little china cups without handles, and to each guest, beginning with the principal, pours out just enough for three sips, which are taken slowly and with much gusto. Sugar is thought to spoil the flavour.

To pour out more than three sips is considered a sign that the guest is unwelcome, and if this is done carelessly to a guest of high rank he will spill it on the floor.

Coffee is handed round three times by the host, and afterwards from time to time, usually by one of his sons or servants. It is not considered bad manners to ask for it, though to ask for food is rude.

Other sheikhs come in, and on each occasion the whole company rises and the prescribed salutations are gone through.

An *arqîla*, or water pipe, is brought for those who desire it, but they must provide their own tobacco. The host may provide cigarettes, but it is not incumbent upon him to do so, and most men have a small tobacco box and roll their own.

Arabs usually dine soon after sunset, but a man who has guests of rank, even if uninvited, must kill a sheep, and although our host has invited us, yet in accordance with the custom, a trying one at times, the sheep was not killed until we had actually arrived. Dinner is therefore somewhat late, and to pass the time a man sings a *qasîda*, or epic song, accompanying himself on the *rabâba*, a sort of violin with only one string.

These songs, which are always in the same metre and have a double rhyme running right through them, usually deal with the exploits of local heroes. Appreciation is

shown by repeating the rhyming words after the singer. Owing to the drawling manner in which they are sung, and the employment of allusions, figurative expressions and uncommon words, they are practically impossible for a foreigner to follow unless he has had them previously explained to him. Those relating to love are apt to be stilted and conventional, and perhaps the most pleasing ones are those composed by chiefs in prison, describing their favourite haunts and pastimes and contrasting them with their present circumstances.

At a sign from the host the singer stops, a large mat of plaited rushes is placed on the floor, and the host goes round the guests pouring water over the extended right hand of each.

Two men then bring in the dinner, which consists of a large circular iron dish lined with thin Arab bread and piled high with rice. On it is a sheep stewed and cut into lumps, with the head at the top of the pile. The fat tail, a great delicacy, is placed opposite the principal guest, and the host calls out the names of the seven or eight next most important, and, as they squat down round the dish, pours over it a large ladle full of hot melted butter. The guests then set to work, using their right hands only, tearing off pieces of the meat and tossing handfuls of rice till they are formed into balls which can be flicked into the mouth. It takes a little practice to acquire the knack of doing this gracefully.

At any sign of slackening the host, who has remained standing, occasionally pouring on more butter or gravy, urges the guests to continue, assuring them that they have eaten nothing. As each finishes he rises and the host names another to take his place.

The guests who have finished go to the lower end of the room, in one corner of which there is a kind of sink where a couple of servants wait with water, soap and towels. Everyone carefully washes his hands, face and mouth.

When all the guests have finished the host and his sons eat, and then his ploughmen and retainers and their sons, till the dish is absolutely clean. As it is removed the principal guest says, "May God reward the host," to which the latter replies, "Good health." A bowl contain-

ing water-melons cut into slices is then brought in and partaken of without ceremony.

Conversation becomes general. Four things greater than all things are women and horses and power and war. We talk of them all, but to the Arab farmer one thing is greater still, the price of wheat, and when someone says he has heard that the *mudd* has risen half a *mejîdi* at Damascus he attracts general attention.

The Arabs, though ill-informed and inclined to be credulous about subjects outside the range of their experience, are shrewd enough where their own interests are concerned, and can talk intelligently and pleasantly about such subjects as local history, politics and customs. They have a considerable sense of humour, and give and take chaff in a most good-natured manner.

Presently comes the time of the night prayer, and the men rise two or three at a time and spread their cloaks facing south. One old man says his prayers audibly in a sing-song voice, but the others mutter them, occasionally stopping to interject a remark into the conversation. Many of the younger men do not pray, but their abstention is not commented on by those who do.

It is bad form to seat oneself in front of a man praying, but if compelled to do so by lack of space one should place some object, such as a stool, between him and oneself. In my own house I used to keep a corner with a carpet spread for my visitors to pray in.

About 11 p.m. we express our readiness for sleep, and the guests remove their bandoliers, revolvers, jackets, outer shirts and black head-rings, tie their head-handkerchiefs under their chins, and lie down where they are. The host spreads a quilt over each and then wishes us good-night. The bedding is comfortable, and in spite of a few fleas, to which we are accustomed, we are soon asleep.

We are up with the sun. I carry a change of clothes and a toilet outfit in my saddlebags, and my shaving operations arouse considerable interest, as those of the Arabs who shave never shave themselves.

After a frugal breakfast of bread and hot sweetened milk we are off, exchanging the prescribed farewell salutations with our host, who assists us to mount and accompanies us to the gate.

England and the Foundations of Political Zionism

By Herbert Bentwich ("Philo-Zionist")

"THE world," said Disraeli, "is made by visionaries—by men who see the future and make it." His saying was remarkably illustrated by a man of his own race, who shared his original vision. Lord Rosebery recounts how, to the end of Disraeli's career, the sages who had studied his romances would wag their heads in corners, and declare that his edifice would in the end be crowned by something connected with Palestine which was to be found in the dreams of Tancred; but he defeated expectation, and left it to another Jewish man of letters, turned statesman, to bring into the sphere of action the vision of the Jewish people restored to Palestine.

It was Dr. Theodor Herzl, a *littérateur* and dramatist of Vienna, who at the end of the nineteenth century became the founder of the political Zionist movement. The Diary of the last nine years of his life, from 1895 to 1904, during which he conceived and created the movement, has just been published in three volumes,* and it reveals with extraordinary illumination the soul of a poet who, in the end, chose to work in humanity rather than in letters.

Herzl, the editor of the literary section of the chief Viennese newspaper, *Die Neue Freie Presse*, was sent as special correspondent to Paris in 1894 to describe the Dreyfus case, which at that time stirred French life to its depths. Hitherto he had played no notable rôle in the Jewish community or in political life. He was a writer of distinction; he had friends in the artistic circles of a number of the capitals in Europe, and he had the figure of a leader of men. Imposingly tall, with a great black beard and large, piercing black eyes, he stood out in any company; a modern presentation of the Moses of Michael Angelo—without the horns. And in Paris, when the

* Theodor Herzl's *Tagebücher*, 1895-1904, 3 vols. Judischer Verlag, Berlin.

cries of "*A bas les Juifs!*" dinned in his ears during the wretched unfolding of the Dreyfus tragedy, he suddenly felt himself called to be a second Moses for his people.

It was on Whit-Sunday in 1895 that the vision suddenly came to full consciousness, and he thus describes it in the first page of his Diary :—

FIRST BOOK OF THE JEWISH CAUSE.

I am working for some time on a task which is of infinite greatness. I do not know now whether I shall achieve it. It appears like a tremendous dream; but for days and weeks it overwhelms me even beyond the limits of consciousness. It accompanies me wherever I go. It flows over my ordinary conversation; it looks over my shoulder at my petty journalistic work. It disturbs me and makes me restless. What will be the outcome I cannot yet imagine; only my experience tells me that it is remarkable even as a dream, and that I must describe it, if not as a monument for humanity, yet at least for my own imagination and mind, and perhaps, between those two possibilities, for literature. If no reality shall come out of the romance, yet a romance may issue from the reality. The title is "The Promised Land."

With this prelude Herzl pours out page after page of intense, feverish writing about "Israel, a People." The development of his main idea is that the Jews must become again a nation, found a State, and cease to be dispersed and contemned amongst the peoples. He recognised the futility of all the literary efforts to counter anti-Semitism—"with declamations on paper nothing at all is done"—and he determined to fight it with more effective weapons.

The problem of the Jewish people was that they were a strange element in the midst of the nations. Anti-Semitism was the consequence of Jewish emancipation. The Jews, then, must set forth, an independent, upstanding people, to their own land. Only so could they obtain self-respect, and through self-respect the respect of others. With the intelligence of their mass and with the wealth and the power of their leading men they must gain for themselves a country; and with their idealism they should make their country into an ideal State.

In the first instance he turned with his idea to one of the most striking Jewish figures of the time, Baron de Hirsch, who had already conceived a transplantation of the refugees from the Ghetto, and was devoting his millions to agricultural colonisation of Jews in the Republic of Argentine. He asked Hirsch for a meeting to

lay before him the plan of a new Jewish policy. "What you have undertaken up to the present," he writes, "was as great-hearted as it was mistaken, as costly as it was futile. Hitherto you have been only a philanthropist; I will show you the way by which you may become something greater." Hirsch received him courteously; and they entered into many conversations, but the Jew of mind (*Geist-jude*) could not carry conviction to the Jew of money (*Geld-jude*), or make the other understand the place of vision and fancy in human development. Hirsch thought his proposals fantastic, as at that time they were; and Herzl declared that, in exporting Jews to new colonies, Hirsch was simply creating new regions of anti-Semitism. And he broke off the futile conversations.

Every day new ideas rushed into Herzl's head for the elaboration of his plan. In the Jewish country all the best dreams of sociologists, political reformers, and artists should be realised; the organisation of production through co-operative societies, a seven-hour working day, town-planning and garden suburbs, a Senate containing famous Jews from all countries, compulsory games of the English kind in the schools—all these notions for his Utopia are thrown pell-mell into the daily entries.

At first he did not seriously consider the possibility of the return of the Jewish people to Palestine; the proximity of the land to Russia and Europe, as well as its limited area, were reasons against its choice. He recognised that the very name of the country would be a programme; but the great majority of Jews were no longer Orientals, and they had lived for centuries in quite other climates, while it was necessary that, for the first twenty-five years, the new national life should be far from the embarrassments of Europe and its military and social development.

Herzl, indeed, was, at the first, out of touch with the soul of his people; and his plan was rather a flight of personal imagination. But he illustrated in his own life a saying of one of his early speeches on the movement:—"The return to Judaism must precede the return to the Jewish land." As soon as he came into touch with the religious emotion and the immortal yearning that centred round the land of Israel and with the Jewish societies that, throughout Eastern and Western Europe, had been founded for furthering its colonisation, he realised the

devotion of the people to the original Promised Land; and from that moment his ideal was changed to the establishment of a home in Palestine.

Rebuffed by Hirsch, and having failed to engage the sympathy of the continental Rothschilds, Herzl ingenuously turned to the statesmen of the world. If the Jews of capital were the first estate of the realm which he must conquer, the sovereigns and the statesmen were the second; and he addressed a memorandum to Bismarck in June, a month after the idea had first leapt from his brain. From Bismarck, however, he had no answer, and he then bethought him to turn directly to the third estate—the Jewish people. Disraeli, when defeated at the hustings, appealed through his books to the people of England, and similarly Herzl, having failed to get the ear of magnates and statesmen, appealed with his pen to the Jewish masses, and called on them to deliver themselves.

He was already in relation with Jews who shared his principal standpoint. They were mostly men of letters, Max Nordau, the brilliant critic; Israel Zangwill, the leading Jewish writer in England; Bernard Lazare, the literary champion of Dreyfus in France. At Zangwill's invitation he came to England in the winter of 1895, and explained his scheme to a Jewish club of professional men, the Maccabeans. He was delighted, and not a little surprised, to find that representative English Jews were favourable to the idea of a Jewish autonomous settlement; though he realised from the outset that their English patriotism would be a formidable objection to anything in the nature of a Jewish State. But Sir Moses Montefiore had already proved the sympathy of Englishmen for a Jewish revival, and the tradition remained. And it was on this first visit that Herzl's plans were definitely deflected to Palestine.

His reading of *Daniel Deronda*, the work of the great English novelist of the nineteenth century, which gave illustrious expression to the ideal of the restoration of Jewish national life, and his meeting with an Anglo-Jewish soldier, Colonel Albert Goldsmid, the Chief of the "Lovers of Zion," who embodied the ideas of its hero, made him, as he notes in his Diary, "enter suddenly into another world." He realised, moreover, that if he attached his colours to Palestine, he would have the support, everywhere, of pious Christians, who believed in the return of

the Jews to their original home. And although at this time he published his *Judenstaat*, which contained the unrefined and unreformed conception of a Jewish political State, to be acquired by a financial combination in some vacant country of the world, he was turning his gaze away from the prairies of South America to the hills of Judea.

Translated into English, the pamphlet created considerable notice. A copy was sent by Sir Samuel Montagu (afterwards Lord Swaythling) to Gladstone, who expressed his interest in the idea; and a remarkable character, who was to play a considerable part in the development of Herzl's diplomatic activity, was more completely engaged by reading it. The Reverend William Hechler, Chaplain to the British Embassy in Germany, was one of those evangelical Christians who looked for the early fulfilment of prophecy; and he saw in Herzl the appointed herald of the Messianic Age. Henceforth his devoted henchman, he undertook straightway to bring the book to the notice of the Grand Duke of Baden, in whose house he had been tutor.

Herzl was now pursuing, together, two courses. On the one hand, he was extending his appeal to the Jewish people, addressing groups of students and of lovers of Zion in different countries, and planning a Jewish Congress to represent all the communities of the Diaspora, at which the question of Palestine should be discussed publicly before the world. On the other hand, he began his career as the unattached ambassador of the Jewish people to the Powers, and contrived by the force of his will and personality to bring the question of the restoration of the Jewish nation into the sphere of European diplomacy.

With this double activity he was compelled to combine his original journalist's calling. He remained to the end of his life the literary editor of the *Neue Freie Presse*; and, refusing to take anything for his public activity, he depended on that work alone for his livelihood. It is not less remarkable, and in a way pathetic, that the paper for which he wrote remained, almost alone of the great journals of Europe, closed to the publication of his ideas.

Herzl's first interview with the sympathetic Grand Duke of Baden flattered to deceive. The Duke was a devout Christian, and was impressed with the Messianic

aspect of the scheme. He held out hopes of interviews with the German Kaiser, and, more vaguely, with the Russian Czar; but the next step was to get into touch with the Turkish Court. Herzl undertook a journey to Constantinople, and through acquaintances in the diplomatic under-world there, with whom he must willy-nilly consort, he was able to have interviews with the officials of the Sublime Porte, and adumbrated his plan of a loan by Jewish financiers to the Turkish Empire in consideration of a Charter for a Jewish settlement in Palestine. But he did not get beyond the *coulisses* of the Palace.

All the time Herzl was elaborating his plans for the development of Palestine. He converses with a distinguished electrical expert, and conceives the exploitation of the mineral wealth of the Dead Sea, and the generation of hydro-electric power from the Jordan. He talks with a forestry official, and plans a scheme of afforestation to reclaim the bare hills of Palestine to their old fertility. He meets a number of university students, and fashions an Academy of Jewish professional men for the support of a university in Jerusalem. He was "full of future"; and every event which occurred, every book or paper which he read, every conversation which he held, was brought into touch with his one overmastering idea. The world had appeared to him in his artist days as a show; it now appeared to him purely as will; and every circumstance must be bound to the fulfilment of the one purpose.

Hence it was that, thinking over England's Eastern policy, he was moved to write a letter to Lord Salisbury, then Prime Minister, expounding his plan, and suggesting that England's support of a Jewish settlement in Palestine would be a master-stroke for her Eastern interests. An autonomous Jewish community established in Palestine, under the suzerainty of the Sultan, would be a valuable link in the Imperial chain. The vision, however, seems to have been too fantastic for the head of a statesman whose feet were firmly planted on the earth; and Lord Salisbury expressed his regret that he could not grant an interview. The whirligig of time was to bring its retribution to Zionism some years later from the successor to Lord Salisbury's political ideals.

The other aspect of Herzl's activity, his appeal to the

Jewish people to help themselves, attained its first notable achievement in the following year, 1897, when the Jewish Congress was at last summoned at Basle. It was proposed to convene it at Munich; but the Jewish leaders of that town rose up in alarm at the proposal, lest it should compromise their loyalty; and Herzl turned to the more tolerant atmosphere of Switzerland. While preparing for the Congress, he founded a fresh instrument for propagating his ideas, a weekly paper called *Die Welt*, which, with excessive optimism, he hoped would reach the homes and the hearts of world-Jewry.

The Congress, after much perturbation, assembled in July. It was scouted by a section of the "Lovers of Zion," who feared that its schemes were too grandiose; by a large portion of orthodox Jewry, who feared that its programme was too secular; by nearly all the Western Jews of established position, who distrusted and disliked its fearless assertion of Jewish nationality; and even by the Jewish colonists in Palestine, who feared that their own security would be compromised if they participated in a movement which sought to carry Jewish resettlement beyond the range of philanthropy into that of national will. Nevertheless, it was the most striking manifestation which the Jewish people had made during the nineteenth century; and it rounded off that era of struggle for emancipation with the prospect of a more splendid struggle for national restoration. The object of the Zionist movement was defined as "the establishment in Palestine of a home for the Jewish people on a legally secured and publicly recognised basis."

The Congress, indeed, as is the manner of such assemblies, could achieve little for the practical execution of the plan. It resolved, however, on the establishment of a bank, which should be the financial instrument for securing a charter from the Sultan; and Herzl now added to his diplomatic activities, his popular leadership, his varied literary engagements *pro domo* and *pro bono publico*, the harassing cares of a company founder and bank promoter. He could not win to his aid at this time a single man from the scores of able Jewish bankers, and for the next year his diaries are full of the petty troubles of floating the company. But his will prevailed, and in 1898

"The Jewish Colonial Trust" was established as an English corporation with an authorised capital of £2,000,000, and a subscribed capital of over a quarter of a million.

The effort, however, had wrung from him much of his vital strength. At every turn he was faced with irritating obstruction, and made to feel bitterly the impotence of noble vision against the brute power of money without vision. He foresaw that he would not live to reach his goal; but would wear himself out for his people without the reward of achieving. "It is terrible, when plans are so clear and the way is so clearly marked, to be condemned to impotence. I need a wretched million to establish a great organ, and for this vital need of Judaism I can get nothing. . . . I live now permanently in a railway atmosphere. The train rushes on, or the station is empty."

He was deeply engaged in winning the ear of princes. The opportunity seemed to present itself for some striking pronouncement when the German Kaiser projected his much-vaunted journey to the East. Herzl redoubled his efforts with the sympathetic Duke of Baden, and sketched with him an Imperial declaration of sympathy with the Zionist aim that, had it been issued, would have anticipated by twenty years the Balfour Declaration of the British Government. He had interviews with Von Bülow and with Hohenlohe (then the Imperial Chancellor), and disposed of their trite objections. If the rich Jewish people would not go to Palestine, the poor would; they did not want to dispossess the present owners of their lands, but would buy all that they needed; they did not want to found a new State; all they asked for was autonomy, and the right to self-protection. He obtained in the end a promise that he should meet the Kaiser either at Constantinople or in Palestine; and with that he travelled again to Constantinople. There, after day-long waitings, he expounded his plan to the ruler who aspired to be the Dictator of the East. He had dreamed that he might obtain from him a call to the Jews to return to their land, such as, 100 years before, the young Napoleon, during his meteoric dash through the Orient, had issued in the *Moniteur;* but the Kaiser was careful and guarded, and did no more than express his interest, and give a

promise to receive the Zionist leader again, with a deputation, in Zion.

Herzl followed in the royal footsteps to Jaffa, and set foot in the land of his fathers. The circumstances of his visit made it difficult for him to receive a happy impression. Many of the Jews of the country were perturbed by his coming—the agricultural colonists because his bold declarations aroused the apprehensions of the administrators of Baron Edmond de Rothschild's colonies, and they did not dare welcome one not welcomed by their administration; and the dwellers in the towns because they were for the most part pious Jews to whom it seemed desecration that a man should work for that for which they prayed. Yet he had a few happy vistas, as when, at the head of the pupils at the School of Mikveh Israel—the agricultural settlement which was founded in the year in which *Daniel Deronda* was published—he greeted the Kaiser passing with his cavalcade on his way to Jerusalem, and could point out what industry and enterprise had done for the regeneration of the soil. Or again, when he came to the earliest of Baron Edmond de Rothschild's colonies, Rishon le Zion, and was struck (as Mr. Winston Churchill was more recently) by the contrast between the smiling plantations of Jewish settlers and the surrounding half-cultivated half-wasted sandy plains; or, later, at Jerusalem, where he saw, in his mind's eye, growing up outside the mediæval Holy City, a spacious town which should be worthy of the history of the place. A striking image came to his mind as he drove with his colleagues to the meeting with the Kaiser. Two or three Jews hung about the streets, and looked up at them as they passed, "like ducks in a marsh when the wild ducks fly overhead." He was indeed pursuing the task of raising the people from the marsh to the free air.

The interview had no remarkable or resounding issue. He presented a memorandum, requesting the imperial influence with the Sultan to grant a concession to a chartered company for colonisation, and stressing at the conclusion the ideal aspect of Zion: "Palestine is the fatherland of ideas that belong not to one people, nor exclusively to one faith." In reply, the Emperor would not commit himself to a promise, but spoke of the great

need in the land of—water, and ended with the oracle that Palestine was—a land of the future.

The period that succeeded the journey to Palestine was the hardest through which Herzl had to pass. The first flush of enthusiasm that his appeal had aroused was spent; the people were murmuring against the prophet of the new Exodus; neither diplomatic achievement nor financial coup could be obtained; and he was realising that the man who sets out to change his fellows must first change the conditions of their life. Before Zionism could succeed, the mind and soul of the Jewish people must be transformed. He sought, then, once more to communicate in literature his vision to his people, and wrote the book *Altneuland*, which is a truer expression of his ideal than the *Judenstaat*, the expression of his first rapture. In the picture of Palestine restored to new life he describes an ideal community, which, "if you will it, shall not be a dream."

The third and the fourth Zionist Congresses followed without marking any forward stride. The fourth was held (August, 1900) in London; for, more and more, Herzl was coming to look to England and English public opinion for help in the realisation of his political aspirations. He found unexpectedly a sympathiser in the Poet Laureate, Alfred Austin, in whose country house he stayed. It was borne on him in the quiet English countryside how natural it was for the comfortable Jews of England to repudiate his appeal.

Austin endeavoured to obtain for him an interview with Lord Salisbury, but again the Conservative Prime Minister, who had upon him the solid cares of the Boer War, was not prepared to discuss visionary schemes for refashioning the Orient. Nor was Herzl more fortunate in his attempt to obtain an interview with Lord Rothschild, though time was very soon to remedy this rebuff. But suddenly he did attain a remarkable personal triumph. He was summoned from London to Constantinople to lay his plans before the Sultan, to whose ear he had obtained access through the good offices of a remarkable cosmopolitan Jew, Vambéry, who had been one of Disraeli's agents in Turkey, and "knows not whether he is more Turk or Englishman."

To the Sultan he spoke with extraordinary frankness of his plan. He put forward a scheme for the unification of the Turkish debt by Jewish financiers, in return for which the Porte should grant the charter for colonisation. The Sultan showed his stateless ambassador singular favour, presented him with the Grand Cordon of the Mejidieh and tokens of personal friendship, and some time later summoned him again to Constantinople to discuss further the financial proposals. No practical outcome, however, ensued from the interminable negotiations and closetings of the Sublime Porte. Herzl hated the task of dealing with the adventurers who surrounded the throne. In the end he could not pierce the wall of intrigue and the resistance of rival concession-hunters—"*il faut avoir la chance à Byzance*"—and he turned to the Power with which, on the one hand, straight dealing and honest negotiating were possible, and, on the other, a feeling of humanity and the sense of history were steady and powerful motives.

In this year, 1902, a Commission was sitting in England under the chairmanship of Lord James of Hereford to consider the restriction of alien immigration, and Lord Rothschild was one of its members. It was suggested that Dr. Herzl should give evidence before the Commission, and lay before the members his plans and views. The idea was approved; he came to London, and won to his cause not only Rothschild but Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, then Secretary of State for the Colonies.

Before the Commission Herzl expounded the radical solution of the Jewish problem by the establishment of a Jewish home; and to Rothschild and Chamberlain he put forward a novel proposal that the British Government should facilitate Jewish colonisation on an autonomous basis in countries neighbouring to Palestine that enjoyed British administration. In the first place he looked to Cyprus; but Chamberlain pointed out that the Greek population of the island would resent any large immigration. He then suggested the northern part of the Sinai Peninsula, and particularly the region around El-Arish, which was within the limits of Egypt. That proposal found favour both with Chamberlain and Lord Lansdowne, who was Foreign Secretary, and an expedition was sent out

under Colonel Goldsmid to prospect. Colonisation was found to be practicable only if the area could be irrigated with water from the Nile; and, although at first an irrigation scheme appeared to be feasible, on further examination the authorities in Egypt came to the conclusion that a greater amount of Nile water would be required than could be spared.

The project, therefore, fell through; but Herzl had achieved two moral successes of greater worth. In the first place, he had convinced Lord Rothschild of the need for the Jewish people to regain self-confidence—"On the day when we believe in ourselves our moral wretchedness will be at an end"—and of the necessity of a Homeland in which to build up that self-confidence. In the second place, he had brought his movement into the orbit of English policy, and he found in the Ministers of a democratic country a more trusty stay than in crowned princes.

When it was determined that colonisation in El-Arish could not be prosecuted, Mr. Chamberlain, just returned from his journey through Africa, suggested that the Jewish homeland might be located in a portion of the Colony of Uganda. Here was a great and fertile country to be developed, and no white settlers had yet established themselves. He had made the suggestion at his first interview, but the Zionist leader was not willing at the time to look so far away from Palestine. The Jewish sphere of interest was in the lands of the old Jewish settlement. The Levant and Mesopotamia might be regarded as appendant to the Land of Promise, but a territory in dark Africa would be simply a place of refuge, and not the home of the nation. Nevertheless, at this later stage he gratefully entertained the offer, because he was more and more impressed with the terrible misery of the Ghettos of Eastern Europe, and with the urgent need of providing some place in which their refugees could stand upright, and recover their manhood.

In the year 1903 he witnessed the terrible lot of his brethren in Russia, when at last he obtained an audience with the Russian Ministers to expound the Zionist question. Plehve, the Chief Minister, and M. de Witte, the Finance Minister, recognised him as the spokesman of the Jewish people, and were prepared to discuss with him

the possibility of Russian support for Zionist colonisation plans in Palestine. With Plehve, indeed, he succeeded so far as to obtain a written undertaking that the Russian Government would lend its good offices with the Sultan of Turkey for furthering Jewish settlement.

From St. Petersburg without any break he proceeded to the sixth Congress at Basle, to which he brought the recognition of England and Russia. But when he laid before the assembly the offer made by the English Colonial Office of a territory in Uganda to be administered under an autonomous *régime*, and proposed that a Commission should be sent to investigate the conditions of the land, he was faced with the intense opposition of that very section of his followers whose hard lot the land of refuge was intended to alleviate. The Russian "Lovers of Zion" were not willing, even for a time, to divert their efforts from the Holy Land. In a critical division of the Congress on the proposal, Herzl contrived to obtain a vote for his proposal only by the combination of the other groups; and a majority of the Russian delegates voted against the proposal, and, after it was carried, left the assembly.

Tried beyond his failing strength, and at once bitterly disappointed and deeply moved by the cleavage in the ranks of the movement, he recorded at the end of the Congress the resolution with which he would meet the next assembly, if he should live to see it. He would either have obtained something in Palestine, or would admit the hopelessness of further effort; and in that case what he would say to his people was this: "I recognise that in our movement a decisive cleavage has asserted itself which runs through my person. Though I was originally a believer in the Jewish State, *n'importe où*, I later seized hold of the Zionist colours, and have become a Lover of Zion. Palestine is the only land where our people can come to rest, but some immediate help is necessary for the tens of thousands in distress. . . . In order to end this cleavage one course is open. I must retire from the leadership, and you must elect two Executive Committees, one for East Africa and one for Palestine. I cannot serve on either; but from those who devote themselves to the work I shall never withhold my advice if they want it; and those who devote themselves to the beautiful dream I shall

ever follow with my wishes. What I have done has not made Zionism poorer, but has made Judaism richer."

That undelivered message may be taken as his last confession of faith; for he did not live to see another Congress. Battling to the end for his people, and regardless of the heart trouble which constantly prostrated him, he had audiences with the Pope and the King of Italy. If from the one he could not wrest anything more than a "*Non possiamo*," from the other he obtained a clear expression of sympathy. He continued his efforts, almost to the last day of his life, to convince the "first estate." The last letter recorded in his Diary, which comes to an end in May, 1904, was addressed to the American banker, Jacob Schiff, to engage his sympathy and assistance for the conversion of the Jewish Colonisation Association, the inheritor of the millions of Baron de Hirsch. The Association, he complained, was using its vast means not for the purpose for which it was founded but for relief work in countries of persecution, which was futile. If the first statement of his idea was a call to Hirsch to rise to the height of his opportunity, the last was an appeal to the body created by Hirsch not to fall, anyhow, below the level of his testament.

Herzl was not to enter the Promised Land at the head of his people, and yet he had climbed to the heights of Pisgah, and thence had seen his people marching surely to the goal to which he pointed the way. He knew that the idea which he had driven, by a poet's will, into the soul of his own nationality and into the minds of the statesmen of other peoples, could not die, and must go steadily forward. And he had realised both of the alternatives which he presaged nine years before. Out of the romance of his mind had come reality, and out of the reality of his work a beautiful romance had been created—the workings of which we see in Palestine under an English protectorate to-day, twenty years after.

[*A review of the foregoing article will be contributed to our next issue by Mr. C. R. Ashbee, author of "A Palestine Notebook" and late Civic Adviser to the City of Jerusalem.*]

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

The General Election.

"Did you vote, Sarn't?" asked Heddle, as he watched Sergeant Murphy studying the final election returns.

"I did not," was the reply. "As a journalist I claim the right to insthruct others without——"

"You a journalist, Sarn't?"

"Me? Me, that stands all day shooin' Cabinet Ministhers off the steps of the *Daily Hoot?* Me, the Cerebos on the gate? Not to-day, Sir Theophilus, the Editor's fixing up the threaty with Zanzibar. He might spare ye tin minutes the third Friday in March. If me Lord Otterstream's a journalist, what in blazes am I? And journalists don't vote. It's *infra dig.*

"All the same, I might have been timpted to the polling booth, only I happened to see the photo of my candidate, and whin I gazed on that homely fassaid, it reminded me so much of the *ju-jus* the niggers worship in West Africa that I'd as soon have voted for a Christmas three. So I stood aside and watched Mr. Baldwin, a good man but a poor hand at cards, slitherin' down to his political doom.

"Analysin' the figures, we discover, Heddle, that four and a half millions of voters, speaking roughly—which they usually are—demand a capital levy, while nine and a half millions believe that it's the woman's privilege, as well as her pride, to do all the levying that a household can endure without bankruptcy. Thin five and a half millions require protection agin the hated furriner, his ox, and his ass, and his tinned salmon, while eight and a half millions think things are too damned dear as it is. Add to that a couple of hundred thousands who are for or against Prohibition, mixed bathing, infant damnation, a flat earth, voluntary vaccination, smoking in Tube lifts,

baring the head at the sound of the word 'France,' elevated skirts, depressed blouses, and the inganious theory that we are the lost thribes of Israel, having altered our noses from the curvilinear to the rectilinear be two thousand years' hard Coué-ing.

"Famous statesmen have fallen be the wayside. Hoofed out is the genial Saklatvala, a man who did lind a bit of colour to the dhrab House. Winston took the count in Leicester. *Sick thransit gloria Mondi* in Swansea. McCurdy stood for Northampton, but Northampton wouldn't stand for him. Barlow and Sanders, a quorum of two Ministhers, bit the dust elsewhere. And so on. Why it's like mutilatin' a copy of *Who's Who*. As against that, two music-hall proprietors have insisted on returnin' to the House, scornin' the ould saying, 'Let me make the ballets of a nation, I care not who makes the laws.'"

"What's going to happen?" asked Heddle. "Where are they going to get a Government from?"

"Sure, we haven't decided at the office yet," answered the Sergeant. "Yesterday the liftman thought that we were goin' to insist on a merger of the Liberals and Labour men. Later, I heard from wan of the fiction editors—he does the Gossip column—that we had decided to nominate Lord Derby, and detach the better-dhressed section of the Liberal Party to back him. I can only guess meself until the second edition of to-morrow's paper comes to me hand."

"You're wrong there, Sarn't," said Heddle. "The public don't like coalitions. Besides, Radicals and Conservatives don't mix. They hate each other like poison."

The Sergeant smiled.

"I'll tell ye a story, Heddle," said he. "In the little town that I left thirty years ago there were two clergymen, Father Walsh, the parish priest, and the Rev. Mr. McFee, the parson, and no two min in Ireland had a heartier contimpt for wan another. They were always thwartin' wan another and gettin' in wan another's way.

"Wan day a sthranger loomed up, a man from Glasgow, who started addhressin' a meeting outside the post-office, and thryin' to convart the people to be Free-thinkers.

"Soon it came to the ears of Father Walsh. He crossed the road to Mr. McFee's and wint inside—the first time in histhory.

"That night the sthranger was seized be a party of young men and his feet were never allowed to touch the ground until he was thrun into an ould ditch some miles away from the village.

"If, flushed with thriumph, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald happens to dhrop in here for a quick wan, tell him that story. He'll like it."

Viroconium

By Mary Webb

VIROCON—Virocon—
Still the ancient name rings on
And brings, in the untrampled wheat,
The tumult of a thousand feet.

Where trumpets rang and men marched by,
None passes but the dragon-fly.
Athwart the grassy town, forlorn,
The lone dor-beetle blows his horn.

The poppy standards droop and fall
Above one rent and mournful wall:
In every sunset-flame it burns,
Yet towers unscathed when day returns.

And still the breaking seas of grain
Flow havenless across the plain:
The years wash on, their spindrift leaps
Where the old city, dreaming, sleeps.

VIROCONIUM

Grief lingers here, like mists that lie
Across the dawns of ripe July;
On capital and corridor
The pathos of the conqueror.

The pillars stand, with alien grace,
In churches of a younger race;
The chiselled column, black and rough,
Becomes a roadside cattle-trough:

The skulls of men who, right or wrong,
Still wore the splendour of the strong,
Are shepherd's lanterns now, and shield
Their candles in the lambing field.

But when, through evening's open door,
Two lovers tread the broken floor,
And the wild apple petals fall
Round passion's scarlet festival;

When cuckoos call from the green gloom
Where dark, shelving forests loom;
When foxes bark beside the gate
And the grey badger seeks his mate;

There haunts within them secretly
One that lives while empires die,
A shrineless god whose songs abide
Forever in the countryside.

Heather Moors

By Eileen M. Albrecht

THERE's a mass of purple heather,
Stretching right across the moors,
To the edge of shadowed waters,
To the foot of rocky tors.
Here and there a patch of yellow,
Here and there a patch of green,
Gorse and heather closely clustered,
Bracken growing in between.

Cloudless sky and golden sunshine,
Stretching far above the moors,
Blue reflected in the waters,
Shimmering haze around the tors.
Here and there a bubbling streamlet
Flowing through the heather mist,
Here and there a breath of sweetness,
Where heather bells by bees are kiss'd.

There's a stretch of rippling water,
Midst the heather moors revealed,
Deeply cradled in the moorland,
From the outer world concealed.
Here and there a gentle splashing,
Of some little fish unseen,
There a dragon fly will hover,
With transparent wings of green.

So entrancing is the stillness
Of these restful heather lands,
Slowly drifting into dreamland,
In tranquil calm one stands.
Far away the lark is calling,
The sleepy bees their humming cease,
For the summer dusk is falling,
And will shroud the moors in peace.

The Psychology of Emile Coué

By Dr. Axel Emil Gibson

Men of any worth or value soon come to see that they are in the hands of Fate, and gratefully submit to be moulded by its teachings. They recognise that the fruit of life is experience, and not happiness; they become accustomed and content to exchange hope for insight; and, in the end, they can say, with Petrarch, that all they care for is to learn.—*Counsels and Maxims*, SCHOPENHAUER.

I.

FROM a general point of view there is no difference between the method of M. Coué's "auto-suggestion" and the method of the old "Nancy School" of Hypnotism. A whole chapter in M. Coué's little book is devoted to hypnotic technique for the benefit of teachers and healers who are going to perpetuate his practice of healing. "Always use the tone of command," he writes, "which allows of no disobedience." And then follows a series of hypnotic suggestions which the operator is to use in paving his way into the mental field of his patient. The imperative mood is used throughout the entire practice. "Close your hands!" and the patient makes frantic efforts in vain to open them. "Shut your eyes!" and these become sealed as tightly and imperviously as the eyes of the envious in the second circle of Dante's *Inferno*, which were sewn up by steel thread.

"Make the subject join his hands together," writes M. Coué, "and after a mental suggestion that they are welded together, no will of the patient can move them away from each other. . . ." "Make the patient put his hands on the table and suggest that they are stuck to the surface, and witness his helplessness, . . . or put a penholder on a table, with the suggestion that it weighs a hundredweight, and you will find him equally helpless," and so on, experiment after experiment which has to be repeated until the patient finds his mind rendered as

plastic and responsive to the command of the hypnotist as wrought clay to the hands of the modeller.

It is this negative condition of the patient's mind which is characteristic of the hypnotic practice, in healing and otherwise. Only by subduing the will of his subject to a point of non-resistance can the operator inject into his mind the conception or image which he holds in his own. The trained hypnotic will has the same action on the self-consciousness of his patient in relation to his judgment as the inhalation of ether has upon the nerves of general sensation. In either case the patient becomes unconscious of the operations performed upon him and, in the case of the hypnotic operation, may never discover it. Yet the process has been of supreme importance to the patient: under its progress the will of another mind has actually entered his own and unnoticeably impressed upon his mind the convictions it desired him to have. In case of healing, the mind is made to register a denial of the disease—a mental attitude by which the subconscious levers of human physiology are reverted so as to force the diseased cell-life back upon its biologic basis.

But to cure a disease means something more than to drive it back into the system; its force eddies must be dissipated. Philosophically considered, "cure" means redemption of the disease. For what is a disease but a pledge to Nature for the violation of some vital law, redeemable only in terms of an elimination from the system of its causative processes? The agencies by which the individual can take advantage in his effort of removing the affliction from his system are at hand in the various forms of natural remedies, involving the various schools and systems of rational therapy by which the sick and the suffering may be restored to a normal relation to life.

By mental stimulation, in terms of auto-suggestion, the processes of neutralisation and elimination can be enormously vivified. Associated, subconsciously, with every cell and centre of human physiology, the mind is in a position to affect, by its self-conscious attitude, for weal or woe, the health and vitality of every function of the system. By an intelligent recognition of the true nature and meaning of sickness, coupled with a living faith in the efficiency of some all-powerful agency to remove it, a

"second wind" of constitutional reserve force may be released in the system to sweep through and clear up the stagnant eddies of its turbid circulation. That by such a process of self-sustained and self-directed psychology the recovery from sickness may be immensely assisted has nothing to do with the hypnotic command of an unreasoning "auto"—or outer suggestion. For the healing process is grounded and actuated in the self-conscious faith in life itself, while the hypnotic processes represent the consciousness induced in the mind by the will of the healer.

II.

The determining difference between what is termed "healing through faith" and healing through hypnotic suggestion lies in the difference in their appeals and motives. The one appeals to spiritual aid for its health, and offers faith, good will and renunciation of the lower self as conditions for cure; the other demands health for the sake of its own personal enjoyment, and on the strength of the hypnotic agency; the one finds life by giving it, the other by taking it; the one is cured on the basis of a technical formula, with its lever in a hypnotically energised imagination, renouncing nothing, redeeming nothing, but simply bent upon the suppression of the disease, and, like the healed impotent at the pool of Bethesda, steps out of his impotence to "take up his bed and walk." But, in place of being admonished to "go and sin no more," he moves away with his mind stereotyped by the unreasoning "Coué" formula, that he is "getting better and better."

The deeper menace in the Coué movement, however, lies in his attitude to the individual free will. The patient is valued and dealt with only in his capacity of a feeding, sleeping, playing and working animal, with desire as force, and imagination as guidance, while the most important of all the functions of human individuality—conscience and will—are not only ignored, but denied. And it is here, in the field of "free will," that M. Coué is doing more toward the degradation and demoralisation of the human race than all the superstition and devil-worship of the dark ages.

To read the arguments used by M. Coué against *will* is enough to disprove them. He confounds in a most hopeless way the relationship between will and imagination. If Coué's statement is right, that "will always yields to imagination," what, then, controls the imagination? Furthermore, he goes on to say that "our actions spring not from our will, but from our imagination." If so, what power—to use an example out of thousands—moved George Washington to cross the Delaware, when his imagination could only picture before him stern uncertainty and possible death? Or, was it the will, or the imagination of Lincoln that gave him the power and determination to force the South to give freedom to the slaves, and union to the nation? No psychologist, from Mesmer and Charcot, to Sedgwick and William James, has ever made so unwarranted a statement as that "imagination is the basis of human evolution, and will its mere feeble appendage." . . .

Yet, so unsustained and illogical is Coué in his mode of reasoning that, on the next page of his book, he turns round to admit that imagination, unguided, may cause great mischief. He even compares imagination to "an unbroken horse without bridle or reins, . . . the rider has to go wherever the horse wishes, and often the mad career may end in a ditch. But if the rider succeeds in putting a bridle on a horse, the parts are reversed."

Very true, indeed! but where does the bridle come from, and who puts it on the horse? Is it not the human free will that, at the critical moment, aroused to the seriousness of the situation, steps in as guide and controller?

None the less, as if blind to his own logic, M. Coué continues to disparage the will and discourage its use. In fact, he even places "will" below the range of instinct: "Thus, we who are so proud of our own will, who believe that we are free to act as we like, are, in reality, nothing but wretched puppets of which our imagination holds the controlling strings." It is this conception of the human will, as a mere tool and servant of the caprices of an all-powerful imagination, that brands every subsequent phase of Coué's health practice as a menace to the real, ethical, moral and biologic development of the human race.

Coué admits that his conception of will is original. So it is. Every psychologist or psycho-analyst worthy of the name concedes that the power that holds together the "multiple personalities" into the psychic and moral unity of egohood, known as individuality—which alone makes man the master of his destiny—is the power of his own immortal will. "Being powerless and unreliable as guiding force," Coué continues, "the will has to be substituted by imagination, as the latter with irresistible power leads the individual, like instinct the sheep, to follow the examples and precepts set by the leader." Applied to M. Coué's healing method, the "leader" is the hypnotist who heals by suggestion; that is, by injecting into the mind of the sick the conviction that he is well, no matter how perverted, diverted or inverted he is in his attitude and personal relation to the real condition of health and mode of living. The utter inconsistency of M. Coué's mode of reasoning is strikingly evident in the fact that, while he discredits the value of the individual will, he does not hesitate to use his own will in trying to stamp the imposed health suggestions upon the mind of his subject. And as *two wills* cannot control the same mind, the one—the weaker—must surrender; so the will of the patient must give right-of-way to the will of the hypnotist.

III.

The engines of suggestive healing operating in the field of human suffering in terms of psycho-therapy, whether mental, metaphysical, auto-suggestive or outer-suggestive, while differing as to name and method, are identical in principle and consequence. To the extent to which the process involves a misrepresentation of vital facts, by introducing false, unreasonable and unrealisable images into the mind of the subject, it stands for hypnotism. Back of it all lies the shady side of psychology which, in one way or other of its protean forms, sends a wedge of neurosis into the mind of the subject, interrupting its unity as self-centred, self-conscious and self-determining personality.

And it is here that the worthlessness of the hypnotic therapy is most unmistakably brought out. Placed under

the influence of the healer's mind, the patient is not in a position to take in the full logic of the situation, but gets his judgment and mental perspective, with regard to his physiological condition, seriously strained. For the deeper reason for life is not only to get well, but, by an understanding of the laws of health, also to learn to live well, and hence to remain well. Nor should we forget that it is only *natural to be well*, and that every chord of the entire organism is originally tuned to the key of health. And, strange as it may seem, outside of accident, to bring the system under the dominion of disease means a course of persistent violation of the laws of life. Hence disease should not be regarded as an inscrutable, unavoidable disaster, striking the individual like an enemy from an ambush, but rather as an effort of Nature to save the man from himself, by removing from his system the excess of food which a careless or selfish indulgence of appetite, or even work, has brought upon him. The microbes themselves are a part of the great scheme of physiological redemption, as but for their functioning as scavengers the man would drown in his own secretions.

It is not at all unreasonable to make the assertion that in our relation to life and health it is more important to learn the meaning than the cure of the disease; more important to discover the cause than to escape the effect, especially if gained by suppressing its unfoldment. For by a recognition of the moral and vital significance of disease the individual will gain the tremendous advantage of not only getting rid of his affliction but, through a widened knowledge, of becoming able to remain outside the zone of further suffering. An effect can be controlled only by a knowledge of its cause, and sickness is a problem which has its final solution, not in psychology but in morality. A schoolboy whose problems are worked out by his parents will find himself facing new and unsolvable problems at every next step of his career. The object of life is not only to enjoy its fruits, but rather to understand its culture; not only the attainment itself, but the process of the attainment. The fruit of life is assured by our knowledge of the tree of life. Hence the entire attitude of a patient turning himself over to the miracle healer to get cured "while waiting," does not add any

knowledge of his case, or secure him from accumulating the same morbidities that cause his present suffering. In fact, had he known the real meaning and nature of the cure he would never have submitted to it.

IV.

There is no doubt, however, that the psychologist has power to affect the nature of a disease by his suggestions. Being connected with every cell or centre of its organism, the individual mind constitutes a broadcasting apparatus through which the psychologist can reach and effect every process of the human metabolism. By the power of his will the mental healer can play upon the moral, mental and physiological consciousness of his subject, as an electrician, by connecting his wires with the batteries of his system, can light every lamp or sound every bell within the ramifications of the connecting lines. On the same basis of motor transmission the mind of the individual can find itself, under the influence of some strong, energising will, with power to direct the entire motor-life of his personality, involving not only his physiological processes but also his mental and moral.

After allowing the hypnotic suggestion to invade the field of his consciousness, the individual may find the entrance to his mind turning into the position of a door whose forced lock and broken hinges makes a return to normal closure impossible. Having thus lost its protective barriers, and being laid open to the play of passing impulses and nondescript suggestions, the mind is continually in danger of losing its estimates of moral and ethical proportions. The waves of crime and vice that sweep through the commonwealth of the earth to-day indicate the staggering extent to which the majority of minds are gripped by the deadly menace of a broadcasting, commercialised and commercialising psychology. Invading the unprotected minds, the vicious impulse, promptly registered by man's *subconscious secretary* (or subjective self), and entered as a part and parcel of his own consciousness, is capable, by subsequent induced mental reactions, to command the destiny of man's personal identity.

V.

The subtlest and most menacing phase in the psychology of suggestion lies in its misrepresentation of reality and its juggling with truth, coupled with its power to penetrate the mind of the subject without any notification to its self-conscious, self-determining processes. For, as has already been shown, the hypnotist directs his message to the subconscious nature of his patient—the field of desires, emotions and instincts—while the intellect itself, with its powers of logic and reason, can remain completely ignored. This makes it possible for the hypnotic suggestion to enter the mind of the patient in perfect *incognito*, and, unnoticed, assert its control from below the threshold of man's self-conscious discernment. Accepted and registered by the "*subconscious secretary*" of the individual as a constituent of his own emotions, the possibility of the hypnotic suggestion to enter his consciousness as controlling impulse is readily seen. By this game of make-believe in the drama of human consciousness the hypnotist masquerades his injected notions so as to make them appear as logical conclusions arrived at through the self-directed processes of the individual's own reasoning.

It is this surrender of the mind to the hypnotic impulse, with its repeated interruption of the orderly exchanges between the self-conscious and subconscious life of the individual, that, sooner or later, must lead to a hopeless confusion in the calculation and determination of the intellectual and emotional processes of his mind. It has been proven that the dislodgment and substitution of the willing faculty in the patient by the hypnotic impulse, followed by the inevitable abasement of his free will, has led to the appearance of severe neuropathic phenomena, in connection with which the rapid increase of the mysterious affliction known as *catalepsy* is perhaps the most alarming. This disease, which brings into full pathologic prominence the collapse of the *willing* faculty of the mind, is manifested in the loss by the individual of his neuro-muscular control. A recurrent sectional paralysis is constantly threatening the patient, and may, all of a sudden, arrest any intended movement of the motor muscles.

In his treatise *Diseases of the Will*, the Sorbonne

Professor, M. Rebault, refers to cases of the most embarrassing and pitiable situations when an individual, suffering from cataleptic disorders, may suddenly find himself unable to take another step, to rise from a seat, or to utter a syllable. From a general medical point of view the cause of this disorder is yet debatable, though an association with outside mental control over the freedom of will cannot be doubted. In some form or other the will of the individual has been tampered with and made to surrender to coercion, either by self-hypnosis or through general hypnotic practice, causing the mind to lose hold of its self-determining, ethical and moral associations. Yielding to suggestions or dictates of another mind, the individual's own mind must, sooner or later, go into insolvency, and suffer wreckage from its nervous affiliations. This, of course, means a decentralisation of the will, with the subsequent failure of the individual to execute constitutional vital demands.

Surely the situation is grave enough to call for a warning against practices which may lead to the greatest tragedy that can happen to human nature—the collapse of individuality and the debasement of will. Self-consciousness must be the aim of human evolution, and, as self-consciousness has its basis in the efficacy of a free, unhampered will, our duty to mankind is plain and unmistakable: the unceasing protest against any practice which involves a weakening of the forces that go to create character and individuality, self-respect, self-knowledge and self-control.

The New Anti-Feminism

By Austin Harrison

ATTACKS on women seem to be multiplying. The latest, which is an intelligent one, hails from Mr. Anthony Ludovici, who evidently fancies a black shirt. But the novelist is no sex philosopher like Nietzsche, or Schopenhauer, or Weniniger or Freud; he sees a whole, and the burden of his complaint is the effeminisation of this little island, due to the vote and to the condition of England during the war.

With his opening remarks (in the November issue) one must perforce sympathise. Women did have the "time of their lives." They did earn ludicrous sums. They did "run" things. England was in 1917-1918 a midsummer madness of opportunism, unreality, imbecility, and "jollity" in grotesque and hideous contrast to the sacrifice of manhood at the Front. The diagnosis is true. But is the cause correct? It is rather an important point, for on it the weight of judgment turns. It really comes to this. Did women, abusing their new and sudden opportunities, effeminise the men; or did the men defeminate the women?

Now Mr. Ludovici's description of the back of the Front can be accepted. The vote was secretively or politically granted. But in a modern democracy that is how things happen (witness the recent election). One cannot enter into that side of the controversy, which is pure politics and has nothing to do with sex or women. Women got the vote because the political control wanted a continuance of the Coalition and—got it. The "back" voted in the back in 1918. Well, we know that. Our present political weakness is largely due to it.

To return to cause.

Mr. Ludovici claims that owing to the effeminisation of England the peace was "bungled," the work of reconstruction was arrested, and all values became false. Was this so?

Mr. Ludovici would surely not suggest that the Peace of Versailles was made by women? If ever there was a

male peace, that one at Paris will go down in history as an exhibition of what men, when they go mad with rage and war, can perpetrate. For one thing, it was the work of the French. To allege that the "Tiger" was influenced by the midinette is ridiculous.

Was it women who knifed President Wilson? It was not. The President was stabbed in the back in his own country by the Republicans—home politics pure and simple, a purely male conspiracy. Was our inflation boom caused by women? Why, not 5 per cent. of the total women electorate know the difference between a money policy of inflation and deflation! No, women were not responsible for that. Nor were they for Bolshevism, or for the super-production folly which slumped us, or for the chronic contraction of markets due to a series of male peaces dictated by males too cock-sure to think, too nerve-racked to take advice, too victory-mad to understand anything at the time except their own political interests and—spoils of war—in typical, manly, blustering fashion.

Women, at least, had nothing to do with the peace, and have had practically nothing to do with its consequences, just as they had nothing, absolutely nothing, to do with the jealousies, plots, intrigues, and ambitions which led to the war. The war was certainly a man's affair, made by man, fought by man, and won by man.

But if women had not made munitions we should have lost the war. Men at home were just as well paid as the women. It is entirely lop-sided to allege that women demoralised England. What demoralised the country was war. The real cause of the condition of England at the back, which Mr. Ludovici rightly anathematises, is traceable to politicians, who fought the war on an unlimited bank overdraft, thus enabling manufacturers to make enormous fortunes out of the Government, who, in turn, to save their own faces, were obliged to pay preposterous wages, which demoralised men and women alike. That was the cause of England's "jollity" at the back—*money*, in pursuit of which all participated until men reached such a point of degradation that not a few were sorry when the war ended and fortune-making on an unlimited credit was foreclosed.

All that had nothing to do with women. Quite the contrary. In 1915 the Government could have con-

scripted women for work at 3s. a day, and they would have accepted the position meekly and patriotically. They could, and ought to, have conscripted all men. But in 1915 the men assured the country that the war was won. It was the men, not the women, who opposed conscription, opposed the control of war service, *war prices*, and *war wages*. The truth is this. The war became an Aladdin's cave for all manufacturers and shareholders in ships, coal, iron and steel, metals, wood, etc., etc. Everyone made money.

That is what we are suffering from to-day—that money paid in wages and earned by the manufacturers has got to be paid for. Our dead-weight debt is £7,000,000,000. Of this sum the women only got a fraction. They participated in the general loot, that is all. To contend that they were in any way responsible for profits or wages is indeed a travesty of England during the war. The war became the greatest money-making concern known in history. That was why it went on so serenely at the back. And that is our problem to-day. How to pay for it? What to do? And such is the meaning of the whole Reparations muddle.

When Mr. Ludovici attributes our existing difficulties to women he completely ignores their true cause, which derives from the enormous debt due simply and solely to the way we financed the munitions of war. In Napoleon's days we paid 45 per cent. of our wants by taxation amounting to 10s. in the £; but in the last war we only met our wants by 24 per cent. Women were never consulted about the matter. It was entirely a male policy. It was certainly 90 per cent. a male source of profit.

That women rode sidecars, overran offices, jousted and participated in the money frolic, shortened their skirts and lengthened their marriage-lines—we can admit at once. They did "break-out." They were expected to. War is war, and in war man's demands are readily met by the other sex. The same thing happened everywhere. These phenomena, which Mr. Ludovici apparently thinks were confined to Britain, were evident in all countries. Women are the reciprocating sex. They follow the law or the drum. To blame women for their war "enthusiasm" is unjust. They lost their heads. Did the men keep theirs?

The "back" catered for the Front—on leave. We must not forget that. What would the Front on leave have said to a sex which became a C.O.? But that side of the argument need not be emphasised.

Grant, then, the correctness of Mr. Ludovici's picture—what results? Only this. England in war was a hideous paradox. One half fought in terrible conditions; the other half made money. But that was not woman's fault. That situation arose out of modern finance conditions. It derived from our doctrine of amateurishness, our dislike of organisation, of preparation for war, of our incurable habit of not facing facts. It was the consequence of a crisis forced unexpectedly upon us in a scope and magnitude utterly unforeseen and unprovided for by the vast majority in the country. It came about—just came about—naturally from the day it was discovered that under the modern system of credit war could be financed—without paying for it.

In indicting women for this state and for its resulting predicament, Mr. Ludovici is shooting at a Jenny Wren instead of aiming at the vultures (all males) who connived at and made this finance mechanism of war. But for America, this comfortable war-credit mechanism would not have been possible; but credit being international in its office, America became the bank as well as the universal provider—hence our little bill to that continent. Mr. Ludovici, having been a soldier, forgets that "war pays." If he owned a newspaper he would no doubt alter the gravamen of his accusation, which in reality was no more due to anything suggested or done by women than was the original indemnity dictated to Germany of £23,000,000,000. That was man's estimate, showing pretty well the disordered state of the male mind at the time—the ladies thought far more of hanging the Kaiser, which no doubt seemed more romantic in those times of delirium. England's post-war problem in any case is not sex. It is money. It is the money we owe the book-keeping department of the bank. In other words, England has now to pay for what she did not pay for during the war—which by no stretch of imagination can be regarded as a sex problem.

Mr. Ludovici is really attacking two problems which

have nothing to do with sex. First, he attacks the way we financed the " sinews " of war. Then he attacks the democratic system of government by a majority vote. The fact that women vote does not change the nature of his charge, because women have merely added an unknown majority factor which is as unlikely to function intelligently as is any " mob " electoral system, whether composed wholly of males or wholly of females, no mob aggregate being in the present stage of civilisation an intelligent jury. Both his attacks are quite justified. But why drag in women? Why still more confound the issue? The reason lurks in the tail of his article. He is inwardly thinking of a masculine renaissance. He can only see hope in a new breed of men. He wants—that is the key—an English Fascismo.

Here again he confuses cause with effect. Fascismo is not an anti-sex movement. Fascists did not pour castor oil down the throats of Italian madonnas. Mr. Ludovici is puzzling. Does he suggest that this new breed of men should patrol Oxford Street with bottles of castor oil to stop the " shop-crawl," or what? He surely cannot hope to live to see that " jollification " of brighter London? I fear Mr. Ludovici is just making women a cockshy. He is really thinking about methods of government—strong government—and so he lashes out at women on the ground that they are women, thereby ruining a perfectly sound case, which is the problem of democratic government in modern conditions. As a fact, women's political danger is not their ignorance—for their native instinct largely compensates them on balance—but servile imitation of male methods, and if all that women achieve politically turns out to be a replica of masculine political dodges, hypocrisies and unrealities, then of a truth the vote will prove a curse both to them and to the country. But they are still a long way from reaching that stage of perfection, and, on the whole, instinct as against organised hypocrisy is perhaps a safeguard in these abnormal and quick-change times, when what is needed, above all, is not more talk but some action.

With Mr. Ludovici's plea for a masculine renaissance we can all agree, but that has precious little to do with women's votes. All over Europe women have been

accorded the franchise. Our difficulties do not arise out of that condition. It is the men who to-day have lost account of values; who mistake desire for truth and spangle for gold; who out of sheer shell-shock madness have ruined Europe. The women have only looked on. They have played a very small political part since 1918—far too small. The world's problem to-day is the map of Europe. It is a male map of revenge. It won't pay. The women are not responsible, and to blame them for the consequences is like the policeman who runs in the wrong man on the ground that if he didn't do it he ought to have done it. That won't do. The renaissance breed of men will not arise out of a sex war.

What about this new breed? I am not sure that it is not already on the horizon. England's specific trouble to-day is her political mechanism. The public read the Trust Press, but they no longer believe in it politically. And the same applies to Parliament. All soldiers know what propaganda is to-day. The electorate is not bamboozled as it used to be, because the machine is found out. One sees that in the astonishing conditions of the Press. Take Horatio Bottomley's paper. If ever there was a self-made newspaper *John Bull* was the one. Yet within a year of Mr. Bottomley's retirement *John Bull* pulls up almost to its former circulation, saying weekly precisely opposite things to what Mr. Bottomley preached. What does this mean? It means that the public is extraordinarily fickle. That values are commercial. That the platform counts more than the man. That nothing seems to matter except the fashion of the hour. It means that things are in a remarkable state of flux and fusion.

It comes to this: Mr. Ludovici's diagnosis is correct enough; where he errs is in his aim. He is like Don Quixote charging the windmill. His lance bears down upon women when the evils he would redress are man-made evils, and so he slays the lamb instead of the wolf. The truth is that English women have become far more effeminate because of the war than they were before, and for obvious reasons. War means death, but it also implies life. Every soldier faces a bullet, but every soldier has his girl. That new condition altered Britain. It broke our traditions. It freed the sexes. It brought about a

new attitude about sex. The number of pretty girls one sees everywhere testifies to the liberating movement.

Mr. Ludovici's stick is beating a dead horse. The evolutionary march of women will continue. The great anathema which lay upon women has gone for ever. The new motive is freedom. If there is a danger in this advance it lies not in women but in men. Where the women bloom the men often show decadence, but the fault is always man's. One saw that in Austria before the war; it is evident in Spain. There we may, as men, have to look out. Our unemployment problem is a terrible handicap to a people. Perhaps more serious still is the condition of public life in such circumstances under a system which necessarily sets up unreal and commercial values, and since the war has lost the principles which formerly governed public thought and governance. But here the influence of women is likely to be good. Greatly needed in this country are food laws, which should be one of women's definite concerns, as was the case in America. Mr. Ludovici can hardly expect us to go back when all the world is going forward. If he does he imagines a vain thing.

By all means let us get on with the job of our renaissance men; we need them, and the women will be delighted to support them. But they must be men of intelligence and great character if they are to win through, for everything to-day is against them. We have lost our foot-rule. We have no measurements to-day, as one sees in the arts. Everything is commercial. And that really is the difficulty. Certainly it is there that the axe must first fall. England's weakness to-day is the result of confusion, due partly to a struggle between the "back" and the returned "front," inevitable after a long war. The problem is economic, it is political, it is social, it arises from wide and general disillusionment, it is the result of peace and of the ways of peace, it derives force from the inequity of the distribution of wealth; it means roughly that things are not what they were, and that the process of righting and restoration is fierce and turbulent.

After the ghastly mess made of the peace and of almost everything since, men cannot complain if women

reckon that at least they could hardly do worse. As a fact, women move politically slowly. They are not so easily "taken in" by political methods and words as men are, and such was one of the lessons of the recent election. Women want arguments, not sallies and personalities. It is a good sign. There, instinct plays true with them. They "spot" the fraud at once. They size up a candidate immediately. They are not led away by rainbow promises and declamations. The "tub-thumper" has less chance with women than with the public-house. If they have no Latin, they have less beer. Women are the new foot-rule.

I agree with Mr. Ludovici's lament, but he is hitting the wrong person. Our shortcomings are not due to woman, they are due to men. The map of Europe is the answer. It is a map which must lead to war. Now it is not women who like war or are likely to make conditions of war, because, as mothers, they are positives, not negatives. Therefore, the greater the influence of women the more likely are we to advance, since man must co-operate or fight. Co-operation is thus the way out. We shall not progress by putting women back under the heels of priests and prohibitions in order to hold the ring for manly struggles, for that way spells Armageddon the Second, and unless we want to return to the matriarchal state some men must be kept alive. But we are not going back. Cheerfully we are going forward with the women, who are only beginning their political life. It is the men one does not feel so confident about in a world whose god is money. That is the crux of the whole matter. England's genius is not castor-oil. We took the sonnet from Italy, we are not likely to take the black shirt, at present prices. In the unperformed years before us women are more likely to get into knickerbockers—*pour encourager les autres.*

The Emancipation of Woman

(The controversy roused by Mr. Ludovici's recent article and Lady Frances Balfour's reply has moved one of our readers to send us the following verses written 30 years ago after hearing a debate on the subject of Woman's Suffrage)

By K. E. Mackenzie

'Tis told by Father Æsop that of old
The beasts and birds and fishes, overbold
And discontented, clamoured for a change.
The birds declare: "The air through which we range,
Though ample, is not suited to our wishes;
We fain would roam the ocean like the fishes."
The fishes say: "These watery homes of ours
Are dull and cold, we long for sun and flowers.
'Tis on dry land that happiness is found."
The beasts complain that their hard lot has bound
Their lives to earth, and one and all declare
Their wish to soar like eagles through the air.
Thus all are discontented with their spheres,
To each another's lot more blest appears—
And in their ignorance they all contemn
The place for which great Jove has fitted them.
"A foolish tale!" the modern prigs will say.
A foolish tale?—the tale is true to-day.
There was a rule, neglected much of late:
"The wife shall still be subject to her mate;
In public place her voice shall not be heard,
But she shall be obedient to the word
Of him whom fate or choice has made her lord,
And they shall dwell in union and accord."
No selfish wish of man's gave this command.
He bears the hardier frame, the stronger hand;
More fit by nature he to face the strife
That waits him on the battlefield of life;
While woman's gentler nature better bears
The homely burden of the household cares.
No meaner lot is thus to her assigned,

THE EMANCIPATION OF WOMAN

To guide the footsteps and to train the mind
Of younger generations. Hers the art
To sway by tender love the youthful heart,
To teach the child to follow still the right
And heedful arm him for the coming fight.
But now all this is changed, and woman's aim
Is now to make her place and man's the same.
Now on the platform you may hear her speak,
Clenched hand and flashing eye and flushing cheek
Betoken eager zeal—she strains her throat—
For what? That woman may obtain the vote!
When this is gained you'll see her still intent
On giving women seats in Parliament!
If this should happen, which High Heaven forefend!
Where lives the prophet can foresee the end?
When Isis next shall yield to Cam and Fate,
A Girton girl will stroke the winning eight,
And when young Oxford braves the Proctor's frown
In the fierce pleasures of a Town and Gown,
The Lady Margaret Hall will lead the van
And snatch the laurels from the weakling—man.
Is war declared? What nation but must yield
When English Amazons shall take the field?
A new Hippolyta will lead the train
And Pallas deem her day has come again!
And what about the children? Oh, the State
Must feed them, clothe them, train them, educate—
Fit them in after life to find their level—
And man will grow "an educated devil."

Migration on the Group Nomination Principle

By Sir Arthur K. Yapp

THE problem of migration within the Empire demands something much more than the usually superficial study given to it. Nothing is of greater importance than the selection of those strains of blood which are to blend with that of the inhabitants of the oversea Dominions of to-day in the production of their citizens of to-morrow. For that —and nothing less than that—is what this great question of migration within the Empire really means.

The Dominions are what they are to-day because of the settlers who came to their shores from the Motherland. Not only that which they are but that which they shall be is to be determined by the sons and daughters of those now there, and of those still to come. The qualities which these settlers bring to their adopted country are of supreme importance. It is, therefore, the business of every citizen in an established position to take his or her part in the schemes which have as their object the introduction of those into the British Dominions overseas who will become desirable citizens.

To-day the Empire rather resembles a human body suffering from pressure of blood at the heart, while its extremities are in a more or less anæmic condition. England, with her overcrowded population of 669 persons to the square mile, is looking for an outlet for her surplus people. The United Kingdom cannot adequately support a population of more than thirty millions. To-day it contains forty-five millions, and the greatest problem facing the Old Country is how to relieve this pressure at the heart of the Empire, and in doing so to distribute her blood throughout the whole body of the British Commonwealth of Nations in a thoroughly efficient manner.

So deeply concerned is Britain in her anxiety to make it possible for her surplus population to migrate to the

Dominions overseas, that notwithstanding her present heavy burden of taxation, she has set aside for this work under the Empire Settlement Act no less than £3,000,000 per annum for the next fifteen years. Under the terms of this Act she is prepared to consider entering upon a fifty-fifty basis into any schemes for oversea settlement which the Dominions may propose. The terms of the Act are elastic, making it possible for the Oversea Settlement Committee—which has charge of the working of the Act—to assist schemes of development in addition to making grants towards passages. Any proposals which will provide an opportunity for her subjects to migrate to the Dominions and obtain work and satisfactory living conditions, come within the purview of the Empire Settlement Act.

The criticism of those who contend that the Dominions must not be made the dumping-ground of Britain's unemployed is readily appreciated. It cannot be denied that in the past there has been a tendency on the part of those who have come to the Dominions from the Old Country to remain in the cities rather than take up rural life. This has been most marked, naturally, in the case of the artisan class. It is to be deprecated that during the last decade there has been a gradual decline in the percentage of population classed as " rural " throughout the Dominions. The soundest schemes of migration into the Dominions, therefore, are those that aim at obtaining rural workers for the great tracts of undeveloped territory which abound throughout the Empire.

It is often asked, " Can Britain spare agricultural workers, since only 8 per cent. of her male population are agriculturists? " To this the obvious reply is, " We cannot be assured of any considerable number of trained agriculturists leaving the Old Country to become farm labourers in the Dominions overseas, nor perhaps is it advisable that they should. Nevertheless, there are thousands of a very adaptable type of young manhood who are looking with hungry eyes towards the great Dominions, longing for the opportunity these countries can give them to show that they are capable of becoming first-class rural workers if given the chance."

Through its 800 Associations in Great Britain the

Young Men's Christian Association is constantly coming into touch with this type of young manhood, but the uncertainty of what awaits them, and the difficulties surrounding their assimilation into the life of a new country, have made them hesitate to take the risk of giving up their employment in the Homeland to try their fortunes in a new world.

The business of migration is divided into three parts: Selection, Transportation, and Assimilation. The first of these is comparatively easy of accomplishment, provided the selectors are disinterested parties. Never in the past has the transportation business been handled as efficiently as it is to-day; but the problem of assimilation into the life of the new countries has been, and still is, the great problem confronting any Government or other authorities. That form of immigration which has proved itself the most generally successful is "Nomination." "Nomination" means that a person residing in the Dominions may name a friend or relative living in Britain whom they desire shall be given an assisted passage by the Government. "Nomination" carries with it no financial responsibility on the part of the nominator in respect of the nominee, but the nominator does promise to see that the nominee finds suitable accommodation and work on arrival. Hitherto "nomination" has been mostly confined to an individual nominating one or more other individuals by name. The proposals which are being made by the Migration Department of the English National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s to Overseas Churches and other organisations interested in migration within the Empire are aimed at broadening the basis of nomination by its extension from individuals to church congregations, friendly societies, or any other recognised "groups" of people in a position to undertake the responsibilities of nomination.

There are manifest advantages to be gained by a system of "Collective" or "Group" nomination. It provides against possibility of the nominator failing to carry out his undertaking. The "group" is in a position to see that the nominee obtains fair treatment and a reasonable chance to make good. It affords the "group" an opportunity to see that in the stream of immigration into their country there is a due proportion of their own people coming

to strengthen and help build up their church or society, as the case may be. It gives the new settler a feeling of security, and eliminates the anxiety of friends at home as to his future. The process of assimilation is greatly facilitated: the newcomer *immediately* becomes one of the "group" which has nominated him, and starts his new life under conditions calculated to bring the best out of him. It is a safeguard against the resentment of those who may be inclined to look upon the immigrant's arrival as an intrusion, because he has been invited to come by a "group" already in the community.

Under such a system of nomination a momentous opportunity is presenting itself to the Church and to other organisations in the Dominions overseas to see that in the great movement of Empire development the most desirable type of oversea settler from their own point of view is selected.

Some churches and societies adopting this scheme are working out their own plans for putting it into operation, but for those using the machinery of the Y.M.C.A. Migration Department in this country the following procedure is adopted:—

The scheme having been explained to the various "Societies," these are to be urged to send in nominations to their own central agencies, stating clearly exactly the type of settler required. Full particulars are advisable in order to facilitate selection. These are lodged with the Government Immigration Department concerned. On receipt of these advices, the Migration Department ascertains from the High Commissioner's office in London (or from whoever may be the proper authority) whether the nominations are in order, as the scheme falls into line with the various Governments' present methods of dealing with nominated cases. Having obtained this assurance, the Migration Department communicates with the church officials in the United Kingdom of the same denomination as those for whom they are acting.

The Y.M.C.A. Migration Department seeks the advice and co-operation of the Home churches and other bodies in the selection of the nominees for the various "Societies." Its representative visits the congregation or society (as the case may be) in any part of Great Britain recom-

mended by its own officials, and places the nomination of the "Society" abroad before the similar "Society" at home. By this means valuable contacts are made between "Societies" of similar character at home and abroad. The nominee when chosen has the satisfaction of knowing exactly where he is going, and is supplied with particulars as to the conditions of life, etc., in the land of his adoption.

The selection having been made from the standpoint of the man's character and suitability to be the nominee of the "Society" concerned, his qualifications for the business position or work for which the "Society" has nominated him are submitted to the Overseas Government Department in London (or to whoever may be appointed either by that Department or by the "Society") for their approval. This gives the oversea "Society" the double assurance: from the standpoint of character, the "Society" having assisted in the selection; from the standpoint of his qualifications for work, these having been scrutinised by an outside official authority.

All the services of the Y.M.C.A. Migration Department are then exercised on behalf of the new settler. His transportation is arranged through the Government concerned; he is assisted at the ports of embarkation by the Migration Department's Port Secretaries; he is served on the voyage out by the Department's Travelling Secretaries; he is met on arrival by the representative of the "Society" for whom he has been selected and sent or conducted to his new home. Suitable letters of introduction are supplied to all nominees; they have their eyes set upon their destination from the moment of their selection. As the whole scheme is aimed primarily at building up *rural communities*, the danger of immigrants remaining in the larger cities in the Dominion is obviated, as they have to proceed direct to the "Society" nominating them in order to obtain the accommodation and work provided.

The foregoing is a brief outline of the main features of the scheme, some of the advantages of which may be briefly stated as follows:—

It places the responsibility for the type of new settler coming into a Dominion upon the shoulders of the people themselves rather than upon Government officials. It makes it possible for each church or other body concerned

in the welfare of their country to make sure that an adequate proportion of people holding their views will be included in the number of immigrants arriving. It greatly facilitates the absorption of the newcomers into the life of the community, doing away with the disastrous loneliness which sometimes overwhelms the newly arrived.

Such a scheme will encourage a fine type of Britisher to emigrate if he is assured of the opportunity to make good. It is not suggested that the oversea society is to be saddled with the responsibility of "nursing" the nominee. He is to be given a fair chance under happy auspices of proving his worth, and our best man-power will not be lost because of square pegs being put into round holes, as is now so often the case. It will be to the "Society's" interests to see that their nominee makes good. It will help to keep strong the ties which bind the overseas Dominions to the Motherland if the new settlers are drawn from the ranks of the solidly loyal classes in Great Britain, such as those are to which the Migration Department would appeal for nominees.

This scheme has in it the possibility of becoming a method of solving the migration problem along sound lines. There are thousands of good people in the United Kingdom anxious to make their way in a new world, but under present conditions they are afraid to make the venture. If they are assured of the help which such a scheme would give them, they would not hesitate.

A great opportunity is presenting itself to the Church and other organisations in the Dominions overseas to take their share in this great movement of Empire development, making sure at the same time that they strengthen their own cause. The Migration Department of the English National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s, in originating and propounding this scheme, is anxious to do its utmost to give to all the best possible service it is able to render in this important work.

Her Heavenly Rest

By Alan Sullivan

WHENEVER Mrs. Marraby felt herself out of touch with her particular circle it did her good to reflect that, after all, very few people really understood her. This went on till she had built up out of it a sort of invisible *pied-à-terre* to which she could retire and find unction for her rather shallow little soul. Marriage had proved rather a disappointment. Even her husband did not understand—though he displayed perspicacity enough to provide her with all she said she wanted. It may have been that he understood better than she imagined and it was his way of purchasing peace. For the rest of it, she was a pretty, little woman with china-blue eyes, a small, red mouth, a pointed chin, a round, white neck, and a petitionary manner. Her favourite colour was mauve.

One unforgettable day she discovered Beauchamp, or, rather, they discovered each other. That helped enormously. It seemed to be quite mutual from the start, and the thing about it was that he understood from the very beginning, being in much the same box as herself. He never discussed his wife, nor did she mention Marraby; but the rather gentle way in which he evaded any approach to the subject was significant. Mrs. Beauchamp, herself a woman of admitted charm, was apparently unconcerned. Mrs. Marraby saw her not infrequently, and, with covert glances at the grey eyes, smooth oval face, and general air of action and intelligence, put her down as one of those who deliberately choose the intellectual life and become incapable of any real emotion. And she was quite definitely glad of it.

She was looking her best when one afternoon Mrs. Beauchamp's card was brought in to the mauve morning room. She stared at it a little uncertainly and with rapidly increasing discomfort, but, reflecting swiftly, de-

cided that Mrs. Beauchamp was hardly the one to humble her pride in the way of remonstrance. There ensued a few seconds, after which she nodded contentedly. Mrs. Beauchamp had come to reconnoitre. She glanced in the big glass over the fireplace, and gave a little secret smile.

"Ask Mrs. Beauchamp to come up."

In the next moment she made an instantaneous survey of her visitor's attire. Mrs. Beauchamp was in blue, beautifully cut, a dash of scarlet in a blue toque, a grey fox-skin about her neck. Her eyes were very bright and there was colour in her cheeks. Mrs. Marraby admitted that she would pass—anywhere.

"It's so nice of you to see me—I've been wanting to come for months, but things have a way of happening and preventing." Mrs. Beauchamp leaned a little forward, displaying the line of a perfect figure.

"It's very good of you to come. You'll have tea?"

"Thanks. What a charming room this is. Do you know, I've really—quite really—wanted to see you in your own personal setting. You've always looked as though you had one."

Mrs. Marraby felt suddenly pleased. "I'm so glad you like it," she murmured.

"I do very much. Are you going to be in town all the winter?"

"Yes. I expect so."

"Do you know, I rather envy you. I have to spend two months in the North with my cousins—and start next week. So you'll forgive an unceremonious visit?"

"Are you closing the house?" Mrs. Marraby felt a trifle breathless.

"Oh, dear no. I'm going alone."

"Sugar?"

"Please—and lemon. It's the only way to take tea, isn't it? Do you know why I really came in this afternoon?"

The china-blue eyes opened in a look of utter innocence. "I hadn't the faintest idea there was any special reason, but it's awfully nice of you—anyway."

Mrs. Beauchamp glanced over her cup. "It's about my husband. I want to say, 'Thank you.'"

"To me?" Mrs. Marraby had a stupefying sense of unreality. "I'm afraid I don't understand."

"Yes, it sounds funny, I know, but I really mean it; and now that I'm going away I feel much happier about Freddy."

Mrs. Marraby bit her red lip. "Won't you please explain?"

"Of course. One couldn't just say 'Thank you'—and go off. May I be quite candid? You won't mind?"

"Not at all." The little woman's spine felt cold.

"Well, of course, you know Freddy very well—probably nearly as well as I do, and perhaps, though it's hardly likely, you may have seen a side of him that I haven't. He hasn't got so many sides, after all. But I don't want you to be disappointed in him."

"I don't understand in the least," said Mrs. Marraby, "why I should be disappointed in anyone's husband except my own."

The other woman smiled involuntarily. "Well, perhaps not, and then perhaps you might be. I worked pretty hard over Freddy for the first few years after we were married, and then—frankly—I gave it up, there was so little to work on."

Mrs. Marraby checked an expostulation just in time. It was grotesque that she should assume the defence of another woman's husband. Mrs. Beauchamp regarded her thoughtfully.

"What I do want you to believe is that I'd like to save you from a lot of fruitless work in your turn. I know how disheartening it is, and would hate to see it repeated."

"I'm afraid I'm quite at sea, but please go on."

"Yes, because it's only fair to you. Don't think for a minute that I'm jealous, for I simply love to see Freddy play; but it's like having a child who might hurt someone else. Freddy can't read beyond a certain point because—though he's perfectly nice and all that—he hasn't brains enough."

"What!" said Mrs. Marraby, startled into speech.

"Really he hasn't, and I ought to know. He'll tell you he's misunderstood and would like to play with you, and the only thing I'm at all anxious about is that you'll expect too much and won't play any longer, and then he'll

be back on my hands again; and I'd be awfully vexed if anything interfered with the next two months. You see, he might insist on coming."

"Do you mean to say that you don't want him to come?" Mrs. Marraby's voice was reduced to a half whisper.

"Not in the least. My dear woman, do you think I'd come here to talk like this if I did? Freddy's quite all right in a way, but it's a sort of arrested mental development. He breathes soft things—or, at any rate," she put in reminiscently, "he used to—but there's nothing behind them. Of course, it's possible that you may have unearthed something I didn't, and I hope you have. To me it was hard digging. His favourite argument used to be that no one man can supply all the attention an attractive woman is entitled to. It sounded first-rate for a few months, but behind that there was a great void that was—well, just Freddy."

Now, if there was one thing which Mrs. Marraby would have liked to do, it was to prove how completely her visitor had misjudged her subject. Not only was this out of the question, but there began also to arise the remote possibility as to whether, perhaps, she might not be right. There ensued a little silence, and the china-blue eyes grew cloudy with thought.

"I'm afraid," she said presently, with a little laugh, "that you're taking a harmless friendship quite too seriously."

Mrs. Beauchamp's lips curved into a sudden smile. "Seriously? Not at all. There's nothing for me to express but my gratitude. Honestly, my dear, I don't see how you do it. You see, I've had six years of Freddy and you've had only one. As I remember it, his stock-in-trade doesn't last more than a year, so he should be reaching what I call his repetition stage about now. You'll notice it."

"Then you really don't care for him?" Mrs. Marraby hazarded this in her most impersonal manner.

"On the contrary, I'm quite fond of him—now that I don't expect anything brilliantly fascinating or in the least degree *intriguant*. Whatever real disappointment there was has died out long ago. He's quite decorative, in a fashion,

only one mustn't take him to pieces or he won't go together again."

"Oh!" The voice was a little uncertain. "Why do you say that?"

"Because I've tried so often. No——" Mrs. Beauchamp paused, then went on reflectively, "The sort of man who could have quite captured my imagination would have been one like your husband."

"My husband?"

"Yes. I've only met Mr. Marraby once or twice, but he made a very distinct impression. He is definite; he is, as I knew, productive, whereas poor old Freddy is just a consumer with dark eyes and a nice, brown moustache." She laughed a little. "I really think that your husband and I would have got rather far—in double harness."

Mrs. Marraby gave a little inward shiver. "Did you notice anything else?"

"I didn't really mean to talk about your husband, but, since you ask, he seems positive—mine negative. His kind always have something in reserve—up their sleeve, so to speak—while my Freddy has no sleeve. I fancy yours says about half what he feels—which does intrigue one—while good old Freddy multiplies it by two, delivers it in his most impressive manner, and watches for the effect. I fancy that Mr. Marraby doesn't care anything for effect, which is really in the long run so much more satisfactory—at any rate, to me. You must bring him to dine with us just as soon as I get back."

The little woman murmured what sounded like thanks. "You're not going already?"

Mrs. Beauchamp was drawing on her gloves. "Sorry, but I must. You don't mind my having come, do you?"

"It was most kind of you." She would have given anything to be sure how much of all this was in earnest.

"You see, I didn't want you to be disappointed, because, if you were, it would really amount to a sort of reflection on me. I know perfectly well what you will feel about him after you know him,"—she hesitated a moment —"even better than you do now. Do you think," she concluded with a laugh and a quick light in her grey eyes, "that if the poor old chap had the real thing in him I'd let any woman play with him?"

Mrs. Marraby compressed her lips, reflecting that so long as her visitor looked as effective as she did, then no sane man would want to go out to play. She held out her hand.

"It's been so, so kind of you. I hope you will have a splendid trip."

Mrs. Beauchamp nodded. "It will be a heavenly rest —and thanks to you."

For an hour after she left Mrs. Marraby sat curled up in a big chair, the china-blue eyes half closed. She was thinking—to her own surprise—not of Freddy Beauchamp or his wife, but of her own husband. A little cloud crept up over the horizon of her mind. He was a producer, he kept something in reserve—he didn't care for effect! She remembered the approbation in her visitor's fine features as his virtues were touched on, being the things she found "*intriguant*." What if she found them more than this? She had charm, an undeniable manner, and was reputed as clever as she was good-looking. Mrs. Marraby's thoughts turned again to her husband, and hung there with the sudden and frightened conviction that she must save him at once—and for herself alone. She had never considered the possibility of any other woman being interested.

A card was brought in. She glanced at it with a queer little smile, half whimsical, half vexed. She could visualise Freddy's incredulous look—his murmur of inquiry for her health, the immaculate clothes, the small, brown moustache, the expression at once polite and—could it be?—vapid. She drew a long breath, remembering that her late visitor was about to have a heavenly rest. She would attend to that to begin with.

"Tell Mr. Beauchamp I am not at home."

The Truth About the Pictures.

By Bertram Clayton

A good deal of rather heated astonishment was expressed in film circles a few months ago when a certain dramatic critic, after admitting that he had only been twice to a cinema, had the hardihood to declare that film stories were "written by the half-educated for the half-witted." Such intrepidity of judgment was felt no doubt to be akin to that evinced by the Psalmist, who exclaimed in his haste that all men were liars. But just as he would probably have said the same thing, with even more conviction, at his leisure, so a closer investigation of the work of the cinema would almost certainly have deepened this particular critic's contempt for it. The film purveyors may have had a distinct occasion for rejoicing in that his education in their brand of entertainment happened to be so restricted. For the more one studies the products of the screen, in conjunction with the never-ceasing chorus of pretensions in regard to them, the more one is driven to the conclusion that whatever may be good in this show is constantly vitiated and vulgarised by the methods of the showman.

Hazlitt said he could stand the play if it were not for the players. In like manner not only the "highbrows" but a large number of erstwhile picture enthusiasts are saying just now that they could enjoy the film playhouse if it were not for the majority of films put on therein. In the article on the cinema which Miss Betty Balfour contributed to the September number of this Review, "Sincerity" was said to be "the keynote of cinema art," as it was "impossible to progress on sham and artificiality." One can only say that if the *entrepreneurs* of this industry are "sincere" when they "boost" their shadow-versions of tenth-rate fiction as "art," or even as entertainment (except for the half-witted), they must be as credulous and as easily pleased as their millions of supporters. A talented and conscientious worker herself in this medium, Miss Balfour, one suspects, is apt to see the picture theatre almost exclusively from the studio angle. At any rate,

she betrays an artistic seriousness which but seldom characterises any other section of the business once the products of the studio are safely coiled up in their cases. And, somehow, one feels bound to admit that the unrelieved commercialism of the film magnates is less irrelevant to the bulk of their stock-in-trade than the solemn earnestness of young actresses whose success on the screen emboldens them to believe with Miss Balfour that the " cinema offers greater scope than any other art." For it is necessary to remember that the marvels of the cinematograph had their birth—not like song, or dance, or drama, or painting, in the needs of the human spirit for emotional expression—but simply in a mechanical device which has no more to do with " art " than ironmongery has.

Before it became so blatantly self-conscious, or prated of its " mission " as the " sister of literature," the cinema was content with its amazing capacity for reflecting movement, and never pretended that its funny little experiments in story-weaving were anything more than a fantastic demonstration of that power. It was amusing in the old days to go to the picture palace, if only to spot the anachronisms in scene and costume which could nearly always be found in the " silent drama "—especially if it boasted an " historical " setting. The electric lights in the Napoleonic plays, the telephones and taxicabs in the adaptations of Dickens, the Wardour Street furniture in a tale of the Tudors, or the modern gunnery occasionally introduced into a film based on the Armada—all these were an unfailing delight. As for the peeps into the " underworld " (an inevitable feature then, and even now not altogether eliminated), the long line of " hooded " villains and trussed-up heroines, they were a humorous testimony to the earnestness with which the cast could be induced to enact these extremely violent charades. The chief difference between the " dramas " and the " comedies " of the early years was that the hero went down a sewer in the one and fell out of a top floor window into a mud-cart in the other. Sewers were *de rigueur*. These are less popular now, having given place to the coal-mine, the bed of a river and the stoke-hole of an Atlantic liner. In fact, the permanent distinction between the " serious " and the frivolous plays on the screen would seem to be that the former do frequently make you laugh. With the entrance

on the scene of that now overworked studio prop, "psychology," the hilarity increased a thousand-fold. From the first appearance of "psychology" in a motion picture dates its claim to vie with the spoken drama and the novel. And it is in its perspiring attempts to depict the subtleties of character against a background of physical violence or atmospheric eruption (and often both) that the film generally comes such a disastrous "cropper."

It is complained by the masters of this medium (and Miss Balfour echoes their grievance) that film critics are too prone to regard the film from the standpoint of the theatre, and to condemn scenes that lack dramatic conviction or plausibility. This, we readily admit, is the wrong way in which to approach the cinema. But whose fault is it? Ever since the movie-merchants discovered that the camera could film the acting of people in a studio just as efficiently as it could film the animals at the Zoo, or the regatta at Henley, they have persistently invoked the Goddess of Drama, and screened their productions in direct competition with those of the legitimate theatre. When "picturised" versions of stage plays or books began to supersede the creations of the studio scribe, the claim was immediately put forth that in these "stupendous" transpositions the public would see, not only the "real thing," but something more than the real thing, something which the dramatist or the novelist could not give. That we see something more cannot be denied. By its rapidly alternating views of interiors and exteriors, its ability to suggest vast backgrounds and afford the closest investigation of the tiniest details, the film can do supremely well what no other medium can do at all. But in its attention to the letter it usually misses the spirit of what it adapts. When it succeeds in being a faithful photograph of a stage play, it bears about the same relation to its model as a gramophone record does to an opera. When it goes beyond this, and follows up every slightest hint of the author with retrospective elaboration or arbitrary embellishment, the critics have the right to exclaim, "However 'stupendous' this may be, it is not the play!" We recall two handy illustrations of what we mean by the faithful and the fanciful film versions of a theatrical success. An English film company was the first in the field with a

cinema rendering of *The Admirable Crichton*. This was a meticulously close reproduction of Barrie's play. Every scene was taken in order; nothing was added, nothing omitted; and for the text the producer relied solely on short excerpts from the original version. Its effect was that of a series of perfect photographs of scenes we vividly remembered, devitalised only by the lack of the human voice. All the "story value" was Barrie's, but it was impossible to withhold a tribute of praise to the machine which had so carefully registered this masterpiece on the screen. But, when an American studio a few years later tried its hand on *The Admirable Crichton*, the result was a grotesque exaggeration of all the minor allusions in the play, with its theme and purpose subdued to the point of obscurity. The picture boggled at the dramatic conflict, and wallowed in panorama which had nothing to do with it. We had a huge shipwreck which Barrie wisely left to the imagination, and long scenes illustrative of a quatrain from Henley which it was only necessary to quote. The whole affair was a travesty of the original, and came out on the screen like a cheap and gaudy melodrama. Certainly, not by such methods will the film producers achieve what Miss Balfour calls "the effective creation of a Barrie atmosphere."

This is, however, the almost invariable result of filming the classics of study and stage. Great play is made with the author's name, and an enormous amount of publicity given out in regard to the literary or theatrical tradition of the work in question. And then, when the picture itself appears, the story can hardly be distinguished from the veriest amateur invention of the studio hacks. Still, the craze for authenticated genius on the screen—no matter what the story or theme—carries all before it. As a rule the only question asked is: "Is the book a 'best seller'?" or "Did the play have a long run?" This is quite a legitimate question to ask in connection with a work of art of which it is desired to make a popular "record" in another medium. But it seems a parasitic attitude to adopt on the part of a form of entertainment which is for ever boasting of its capacity to oust the novel and leave the stage panting after it in vain. The late W. D. Howells said that the "black art" (as he called it) of the cinema "can do almost anything, except convince the taste and

console the spirit"; and he wondered if it would "ever get itself a soul." But with such a catholic and comprehensive faculty for making use of the souls of other arts, perhaps the cinema scarcely requires a soul of its own.

The truth is that the film manufacturers have taken, for the most part, the line of least resistance. Even when they hitched their waggon to the "stars," they still found that the camera registered *movement* of all kinds far better than the subtleties of serious *acting*. Denied the aid of the human voice and the corporeal presence of his performers, the producer is forced to rely mainly on the various ingenious devices at his command to transport us rapidly from place to place, and often to show us two or more scenes at the same time. This unceasing "continuity" of disparate items is what has to take the place in film drama of that sustained study of character and situation which is the only way in which real drama can be composed. "Psychology," as we have said, has been dragged in by the scruff of its neck, but only the crudest outlines of character—the unmistakable types—can be suggested in this medium. They come on as finished and ready-made as they go off, simply because the conditions of their existence on the elusive screen preclude any intelligent development. We can note gratefully the remarkable advance in photographic detail and illusion that has taken place since the first cowboy raced round a rather unsteady ranch. (*Robin Hood* from America, and *The Golem* from Germany, may be cited as the two most wonderful recent examples of the modern art of cinematography on the technical side.) The improvement in the mere "presentation" of the story reflects enormous credit on the brains behind the screen. But practically the same old "psychology" does duty to-day as sufficed fifteen years ago when the romantic heroine was doped in a cabaret by crooks, and the comedian ran down the street in his nightshirt pursued by a dozen gendarmes.

The failure of the film in this respect is inherent in its technique, and it is useless to go to the cinema expecting anything that will "convince the taste or console the spirit." If cinema people themselves had not so brazenly stressed this point, no one would ever have thought of regarding the film as an artistic rival of the drama.

But it may reasonably be asked when, even in its own restricted sphere, the film is likely to get out of the hands of the "half-educated." Almost every week now there is a loud blowing of trumpets in some one or other section of the trade about the "better films" we may expect from it in the near future. But when they arrive they seem to be but "the mixture as before"—a new "star" perhaps, an original angle of vision and less ponderous sub-titles, but the same story-stuff, the same rubbishy sentimentality and the same ludicrous and far-fetched plots. Out of the score or so of new pictures that are trade shown in London every week of the year it may be said that at least 75 per cent. are mechanical, so alike are they in structure, motive, and appeal. When you have seen one you have seen the lot. Discussion and criticism about any individual specimen is ruled out, as the points of difference between them are practically non-existent. There is a weary race of lost souls called film reviewers, but the majority of them have long ago given up any hope of finding any fresh material for their pens. The pictures are stereotyped, and so are the comments. This may be very profitable merchandise; it is not art in any conceivable shape or form.

What vitality there is in the cinema as a topic is to be found in the periodical—and quite futile—battles between the people who write up the pictures for their "moral" value and those who speak and write against them as though they were wholly "immoral," and ought to be suppressed. This is a dreary and worthless business on both sides, and it cannot be said that the Film Censor's occasional bursts into the arena do much to enlighten counsel. Probably the trade's own censorship (thinly disguised in the person of Mr. T. P. O'Connor) is the best that can be done with a form of amusement in which the average standard of achievement is cut to suit the intelligence of office boys and flappers. Mr. O'Connor's judgments are seldom impugned—except by himself. His own standards—as laid down in his various reports—betoken a rough and ready compromise between what he calls "the freedom of art" and a laudable desire to preserve youth from witnessing "brutal or degrading spectacles." But his application of those principles too often betrays either a curiously unobservant eye or—what is more likely—the

insistent pressure of the trade. He will boggle now and then at an innocuous scene—such as Oliver Twist's lesson in pocket-picking—and then let through, without a whisper of protest, American films which are nothing more than a long procession of street fights interspersed with sordid exercises in the art of the crook and the "vamp." He will delete a reference to an illegitimate child and then pass for public exhibition pictures which abound in scenes suggesting the odious pursuits of a "lounge lizard." In his old age Mr. O'Connor has blossomed out as a casuist, for he has told us that he is always careful to distinguish between "guilty love" and "lust." He might try his hand on a definition of "brutality" and "degradation."

But in all this controversy about the "moral influence," or "dramatic value," of the cinema there is usually a complete failure to recognise the most vital factor in the whole business—that is the music which accompanies the pictures, and without which they would cease at once to be a paying proposition. Those who deny this may be invited to spend a day or two looking at the various five-reel "sensations," with no sound but the whirr and clicking of the projector. Taken in this form they are, without doubt, a wonderful cure for insomnia; but no showman in his senses would expect to make a sixpence out of a music-less cinema. The truth is that the eye refuses to be strained for long if the ear is starved. The cinema managers may be reluctant to admit this, but the great increase in the musical embellishments of the cinema seems to indicate that they know pretty well what is really doing the trick. In fact, to discuss films at all as a popular medium of recreation, independently of the subtle contribution made by orchestra, organ, or piano, is to discuss a mere mechanism which, lifeless in itself, is unable to impart the illusion of life in any of its manifestations. With the artful aid of the musical composers the pictures may often be enjoyed even by those who repudiate their "educational" and "artistic" pretensions. But directly the band stops the illusion vanishes. The ordinary film story is then seen for the dull, complicated claptrap that it is—a series of dumb motions assisted by printed explanations. Truly, only the "half-witted" could ever have mistaken the pictures for art.

Jazzomania and Devil Dances

By H. Rootham

RHYTHM can be defined as the law of the form of motion; the law of the breath of an audible or visible organic whole. The primary rhythm of the human organism is contained in the breath, and the whole variety in unity of the organism rhythmically depends upon the breathing, which with its synthetic grip over the co-ordinated functions of the heart, lungs, and brain, reflects itself in the periodicity of the changes of mind. The propelling force of rhythm is the eternal conatus, that continuity of the Infinite which is known as Will, in Schopenhauer's sense of the word, and which all religions recognise as the omnipotence of the Absolute Being. Rhythm is the inscrutable and primal synthesis of Space and Time, of which the result is continuous and yet articulate motion, organic life, breathing, durational procession, expression of the soul's experience. A breaking of rhythm can lead to the disintegration of form.

The full significance of all the details of the apparently simple and monotonous rhythmic movement, which is the unchanging ground underlying the Ritual Music (known as Devil Dances) of the Tibetan Theocracy, is too vast a subject to discuss here. Probably every student of music knows that any triple measure, whether of bar or of phrase, is supposed to have a spiritual origin, and to be the musical symbol of the Trinity-in-Unity. It is this symbolic rhythm, used consciously and with intention, which gives its awe-inspiring character to the Tibetan music. At regular intervals the rhythm is broken by a syncopated beat, the syncopation being used to illustrate the gap made in the Unity of the Whole by the intrusion of Desire; by the breakage of that Fall which is cosmic cataclysm, and the Universal Sin. As I have already said, I do not propose at this point to discuss the pregnant and terrifying import of the Tibetan rhythm and syncopation, but just as a con-

trast briefly to study the use and significance of syncopation in other worlds of music.

Schumann, when he uses syncopation, gives an impression of increased quickness of breath, thereby conveying the idea of speed, without necessarily accelerating the actual *tempo* of the music. This use of syncopation lies within the region of æsthetics, and is as legitimate as is the use to which the Tibetan priests put it for religious and didactic purposes.

The use of precipitating syncopation in Jazz music is neither religious nor æsthetic, but is the embodiment of the very sin symbolised and reprobated by the Tibetan priests, in its lowest and most deadly degraded aspect. The mean and ignoble origin of most modern dance syncopation is so well known that there is no need to discuss it here or anywhere. I propose rather to expose these dances from a spiritual aspect, and to offer a suggestion about their physiological results.

Creation is one organic Whole, and is so seen by the Creator. He sees it whole from within, as a projection of His own continuity and fulness, and sees it as an articulated, hierarchic Indivisibility. But man sees this same creation from without, and himself being only an infinitesimal fraction of that world-whole, he can only get glimpses of a few, seemingly disconnected moments and parts. And as man's vision must travel from one corner of the whole to the other, and his mind must move from one definite thought to another, so in music he moves from note to note, and expresses himself in discoursible melody.

Melody is the well-poised, individual walk, the suave line of man's soul, as distinct from the one mighty note of his planet, which merges itself into the grandiose, complex Harmony of the Universal. But though there may be more melodies in the world than there are souls, yet each melody can and should be connected spiritually with that ecstatic Harmony by rhythm—that breath of the whole, which is the law of the form of motion. It is this infinite breath which governs melody, and is the only *law* of melody, inasmuch as the beauty and value of all musical phrasing depends on the preservation of the durational balance of the equilibrium of musical tones.

The inspirational source of melody, however, lies in

the emotions, and hence comes its pure or impure quality. The dances of which I speak sprang from patently impure desires, and proceeded necessarily into impure melody. Melody being an individual expression, it follows that syncopation introduced into impure melody stimulates and excites individual desire into veritable bestial frenzy. The syncopation in this music is an obscene gesture; it is the exaggerated emphasis of one psychic element entirely dissociated from the functioning of the whole psyche, and only through the whole of her functions can the soul remain in continuity with that which is Divine.

What is the result of this spiritual dislocation? Just as a strong or prolonged vibration can break up matter, so a constant, violent breaking up of rhythm can certainly disintegrate form. In this diabolical music we do not get the apparent speed and quickened breath of Schumann, but a deliberate jerking of the breath, a repeated dislocation of the personal rhythm that connects together the organic structure we name body. What should be the vital energy in the body is thus transformed into a hideous potency of destruction, and it is highly significant that the abuse of cocaine (a drug which stimulates physically without in any sense even temporarily ennobling or heightening the mental vision) should have become appallingly prevalent at a time when such an insidious assault is being made on the body.

The Middle Ages witnessed the " Dances of Death." To-day, sounding an ominous note, which can be heard even through the din and turmoil of the turbulent, anguished world-soul, we have the crazy sinister tappings of " Dancing Records " and the significant strains of Jazz. Is not the supreme aim of man " Peace " and wholeness, and are we not starting tumult and ultimate breakage with our frenzied syncopation? Man cannot break psychic laws without incurring the vengeance of Nature. It is safe and easy to prophesy that the spiritual crime of obscene modern dancing will have a deep and disastrous physiological result.

The House of Commons and Taxation

By Barrister-at-Law

To many public-spirited persons problems such as Singapore are of infinitely greater interest than the prosaic one of Finance. Yet in the existing circumstances of the country that prosaic element has become the governing inner factor. Its consideration is therefore of primary importance. The sinister spectre of Finance called up by the wanton (as some think, treacherous) dissipation of the national resources during the War haunts all our councils. Its icy presence is felt by many, but is seen, apparently, only by the few. Never before in its history has the country been in such a financial quandary, nor been brought face to face with all the implications contained in the words " the terrible power of the purse."

This state of affairs has been created, it would be unfair to say by the House of Commons, but by means of the House of Commons. The House of Commons, having long arrogated to itself the sole control of public finance, must be content to be judged by its stewardship.

An outstanding feature in England's history has been the attitude of Englishmen from time immemorial towards rulers who sought to tax them. The conflict recorded between Crown and subject has been not a small means in developing that English independence, and, perhaps, aggressiveness, which have made in the main such a beneficent mark in the world. Within, say, the last fifty years this *nemo me impune lacessit* spirit, as far as taxation is concerned, has been increasingly deserting them, until the time has come to attempt to arouse them from their disastrous lethargy. So long as public affairs are jogging along in an outwardly "constitutional" manner, the average Englishman is unhappily only too content.

Nevertheless, the tide of events and certain means of observation possessed by the writer force to the front a

question which, as far as he can trace, has not appeared before. The question is: Is there under the English Constitution an inherent constitutional limit to the money-raising practices of the House of Commons?

It may, of course, be contended that the House of Commons has disposed of all doubts concerning it on many an occasion. As, for instance, in 1860, when it resolved *inter alia* that " . . . this House has in its own hands the power so to impose and remit taxes and to frame bills of supply that the right of the Commons as to the matter, manner, measure or time may be maintained inviolate."

This resolution was brought about by one of the recurring disputes with the House of Lords. In the text books on Constitutional Law the question is dealt with as between the two Houses to the entire exclusion of the much more important one, in the light of events: What are the rights against the House of Commons of the taxed sections of the Commonalty of the Realm?

According to English Law—and the question is brought forward from the point of view of English Law and History, England being not only the predominant partner in relation to both population and wealth, but being also the founder of that political system on which the affairs of the United Kingdom are run—no property is held of the House of Commons. Freehold property in land is deemed to be what is termed " held " of the Crown, but an Englishman can enjoy, subject to contract, absolute property in chattels. Yet the House of Commons has come to treat, in effect, by means of taxation, all property as " held " of itself. As if, by some obscure, secret process there had been a general vesting of property in itself —a process of which there has never been any acknowledgment—and by means of it to acquire such arbitrary rights of " imposition " that it remains to any owner only to feel thankful and happy, if he be for a year allowed to retain any part at all of his own. A very practical form of overlordship.

Now if one thing stands out clearly in English history it is that Englishmen have never admitted an overlord in the matter of taxation. Taxation has always been of common consent, and the place of common consent is in the House of Commons. Common consent is not only the

historical, but the matter-of-fact key to the Subjects' Security. Yet, in view of the state of the electorate and the existing taxes, it must be plain that "Common Consent" has either been forgotten or has suffered corruption. If compromise be alleged, it would be interesting to recall the record.

An important point in the Resolution quoted was the appeal to tradition. The Commons claimed to "maintain inviolate" their position. In the old days, as in our time, the Commons made "grant" of money to the Crown. In the Reign of Richard II it became the practice that all grants should be made by the Commons. In Henry IV's time, after a remonstrance, the Commons obtained acknowledgment that the Grant was theirs. In 1678 the Commons resolved that all aids and supplies are the sole gift of the Commons. In the preamble of Finance Acts the words used now are that the Commons have freely and voluntarily resolved to Give and Grant.

A Grant, or Gift, is essentially the act of an owner, or of someone acting on his behalf with his authority, and the two words, overgrown as they are with loose practice and neglected thought, throw a flood of light on the true function of that Assembly. They link up the Constitutional practice with the Custom of Private Property and the Liberty of the Subject, as these have always essentially existed in England and still do exist.

Therefore, it can be said that in England taxation lies in grant and not in imposition.

In the brief space of this paper it will be more suitable to show what a Grant is by indicating what it is not. A super income tax is not susceptible of Grant by the House of Commons because the majority of the constituents of the Members who "grant" the tax do not pay it. The lower and more inclusive the franchise, the lower and more inclusive must be the taxation to enable the House of Commons to function agreeably with this fundamental Constitutional Conception. The extension of the franchise to A, B, C, D, confers on them a right to vote. It does not confer on them a right to interfere with existing rights by non-contributory taxation. The people, to their own hurt, have been allowed to slip into a position, without serious question, let alone debate, which was denied to

Charles I and James II. The events which have happened, as well as certain tendencies of the present time, testify to the danger of resting on the vague implications of the actual process. Compromise is wise up to a point, but carried too far it is evidence of stupidity. The absurd, because constantly refuted, theory that "Parliament can do anything," so fondly uttered in the text books, is responsible for much of the inertia and fatalism which have taken all life out of Conservative politics. Because the Constitution of England is what is called a flexible constitution, it by no means follows that its principles are not as fixed as those of the written or rigid Constitution of the United States. Private Property and the Liberty of the Subject are the fixed principles of the English Constitution, and taxation, to be constitutional, has to conform to those principles.

The words relating to "Gift and Grant" in the Finance Acts are contained in the part termed the preamble, which goes on to recite the legalising of that "Gift and Grant" by Parliament (*i.e.*, by the King, the Lords, and the Commons). It has been said that the preamble of a Statute is a good means to find out its meaning. It has also been held that the preamble cannot either restrict or extend the enacting part when the object and scope of the Act are not open to doubt. It may therefore be argued that as the object and scope of the enacting part of a Finance Act are not, speaking generally, open to doubt, the usual rule of interpretation must apply to its preamble. One of the illustrations of the rule given in Maxwell is the case of an Act, passed in the reign of George IV, relating to the rights of property of felons, undergoing sentence in New South Wales, whose sentences had been remitted. The preamble related to felons who "by their industry acquired property in the enjoyment of which it was expedient to protect them." But the enacting part went on to enact that every felon who received such remission should be entitled to sue for the recovery of any property, real or personal, acquired since conviction. The true interpretation was held not to be limited by the preamble to property acquired by the felon's own exertions, but to extend to all property howsoever acquired as, for instance, by inheritance. It will be

noticed that both the preamble and enacting part of that Act of George IV are entirely of legislative causation, whereas in the case of a Finance Act only the enacting part is of legislative causation, the preamble being declaratory of ancient and existing custom—the Freedom of the Subject and the Right of Property. But no man can be held free in his person unless he is also free in regard to his purse. The preamble safeguards these two fundamental maxims of English life. Although these maxims have been damaged in recent years, yet the custom stands like a giant English oak, whose leaves, twigs, and, occasionally, greater branches have been torn by gales, while yet the deep-rooted main stem has resisted with firmness those paltry happenings.

In the Resolutions of 1860 the Commons claimed the right to "impose" taxation. It is submitted that the right of imposition is subservient to the right of Gift and Grant.

Let us suppose an electoral contest between A and B in a constituency containing 100,000 electors on a policy involving financial commitments. A is the extravagant candidate and is elected by 60,000 against 40,000 votes. Subsequently in the House of Commons A joins in a "grant" of supplies involving a 5s. income tax. This "grant" is only a true grant if its electors make full contribution to it. If they do so they have the conventional right to impose, through A, their will on B's dissentient minority. But if A had become elected by promising his supporters that they should be called upon for only half the burden to be imposed on his opponents, then A's grant *qua* grant would be invalid, and in consequence the imposition would be invalid also.

It may be answered that as "the King's Government must be carried on," a finding to that effect would bring a condition of chaos into public finance, and must be therefore ruled out as "impossible." The existing "system" of public finance over which the taxpayers have lost all real control is, however, pointing to something very like chaos in the other direction. From that it is necessary to rescue the country by a resort to applied principle.

In relation to public finance the House of Commons has undoubtedly allowed itself to run to seed. It has become a mere stalking-horse for an ambitious bureau-

cracy, or for influences behind that bureaucracy. Under constitutional form the fabric of the country is being slowly undermined by a surreptitious process.

How, then, can this question be brought to an issue? Firstly, by the formation of a body of representative English taxpayers who are determined, for the good of the country and of themselves, to investigate this great constitutional problem. To the objection that the necessary legal procedure may be wanting, that King's Bench would not listen to such a plaint, one can only answer that this possible result in King's Bench must be accepted as a stepping-stone to the High Court of Parliament, where the matter can and must be gone into. In the preliminary stage care would have to be taken, by this representative body, that the issues of fact were well drilled into the minds of counsel, because the popular dictum about the Law's being " an ass " can at least sometimes be traced to an indigestion of the facts. In the bureaucracy we have a modern rendering of King John. Let us see that we obtain a new Magna Charta.

The discontent which is finding expression everywhere in relation to this subject is a healthy sign, but it seems to lack drive and direction. The suggestion, briefly made here, is intended to indicate the possibility of drive and direction. England can be relied upon to respond to a point of principle honestly and fearlessly put. Acquiescence in the present state of things on the part of the public is owing to a lack of " lead." Officialdom can only continue to batten on the body politic while it is allowed to " divide and rule " the taxpaying sections. The " working man " is the greatest victim of the legalised system of official plunder now in vogue. His scheming " representatives " with their continental allegiances have to coerce his support by a method of semi-Prussian compulsion.

One hears at the present time a great deal about Fascismo movements in this country. Mussolini in Italy established his effort by an appeal to the traditions of Ancient Rome. Any counterpart policy to succeed in this country must appeal to the traditions of Old England. The problem here outlined will carry us back into our traditions. We need them.

Pillory

The Archbishop of York versus France

Clearly the old idea that the clergy should not take part in politics is considered obsolete by the Archbishop of York. In an address delivered in that city on December 11th he is reported to have declared that "the great majority of the people of this country viewed with grave misgiving and distrust the policy of domination by force which France, their friend and former comrade in arms, seemed to be pursuing. The question was not one of policy only, but of moral principle." Here, then, we seem to have a sort of *ex cathedrâ* condemnation by an Anglican ecclesiastic of the line of action pursued by M. Poincaré with the full approval and support of the French people. Speaking with an air of almost papal infallibility, His Grace the Archbishop delivers final judgment.

This is a new development indeed, and one which might easily have resounding reverberations. For what is lawful and right in the case of an Archbishop must surely be equally legitimate in the case of Bishops, of Deans, of Archdeacons, and even of the clergy at large. Or is it to be contended that the privilege of laying down the law upon questions of political import and of condemning a foreign and friendly nation is reserved for clerical potentates of magnitude and is to be withheld from their subordinates of lower grade? If so, it would seem highly expedient that these should be informed at once at what precise point freedom to take part in politics is to be accorded. Is such freedom, for instance, to be granted to an Archdeacon but denied to a Rural Dean?

And if this last is to be allowed to denounce publicly "the moral principle" animating France, or Mr. Baldwin, or Mr. Lloyd George, is this right to be denied to beneficed clergymen generally? Moreover, even curates have views upon politics to which, being human, they

might wish to give utterance. If that right is bestowed upon all Anglican divines, we shall have a turmoil indeed, and the introduction of a new element into the life of the Church in England. If, on the other hand, it is allowed only to the magnates, think of the rage and envy with which its exercise by them will be watched by the inferior clergy, bursting in many cases with contrary opinions, or the deep anger of laymen against those clerical functionaries who use their ecclesiastical positions—as this Archbishop has now used his own high post—as so many platforms from which to disseminate their private beliefs concerning disputed and burning questions of the day! Just as most Englishmen repudiate the infallibility of the Pope himself, so we must avow a similar incredulity regarding that of the Archbishop of York. He himself appears to admit the existence of a minority which does not share his reprobation of French policy, and that minority, he could not but agree, must number millions. For our part, we believe that "the great majority of the people of this country," whose agreement with himself he so confidently assumes, would be found, if canvassed, to be of exactly the opposite way of thinking. We do not for one moment suppose it to be possible that our dead have already been forgotten, who died on the battlefield beside their comrades of France to save Europe from conquest and civilisation from overthrow by its foes. That a handful of private individuals, owning and controlling certain organs of the Press, have made those newspapers, consciously or unconsciously, the instruments of German aims is true, but that they really express the feelings and desires of the great mass of their countrymen we conceive to be utterly false. Probably, or rather certainly, the policy of Lord Curzon in refusing to support France in the Ruhr was responsible for no small part of the losses suffered by the Conservatives in the recent General Election.

However that may be, the Archbishop cannot traverse these three undoubted facts:—(1) The Germans pledged themselves to make reparations; (2) they have tried by every kind of trick and subterfuge, as by the wilful depreciation of their currency, to avoid the fulfilment of that obligation; (3) they committed hideous and deliberate

devastation in France, apart from and far beyond that for which the real exigencies of warfare could be held accountable. Has Dr. Lang any word of recognition of the first two of these facts, or of disapproval of the two last? And, if not, why not? Is there no "moral principle" involved in them? Has he condemnation only for the friends of England, and none for its foes? Moreover, does he deny the glaring certainty that the German people and the German Government never will pay one paper mark's worth of reparation beyond what they are absolutely compelled? And if, however willing, he is yet unable to dispute these points, where is "the moral principle" violated by France in seeking by the occupation of the Ruhr to compel the shameless cozeners of Berlin for once in the long history of Germany's dishonoured faith to keep the word which they had pledged?

To us the moral principle involved seems to be the duty of the French Government towards the French people. Was nothing due to these? Were the horrors, the sufferings, and the ruin which the Germans had wantonly inflicted upon them to go without compensation and without requital? That is apparently the considered opinion of the Archbishop of York.

For our part we conceive him to be very plainly guilty himself of a double violation of "moral principle." He shattered it when he broke the unwritten pact between Churchman and layman which prescribes the abstention of the former from political controversy. In doing that he set an ill example to his clerical brethren, and he went far to imitate the miserable practice of some Nonconformists in making religion the stalking-horse of political prejudice.

But, beyond this, he defied that principle again when he condoned the hideous wrong perpetrated by Germany, both during and since the war, by decrying that measure of moderate penalty which the action of France has inflicted, or tends to inflict, upon her. That the crimes of Germany should have been thus far supported by the voice of an English Archbishop is shame for England, but greater shame for himself.

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Books.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

POLAND AND PEACE. By COUNT SKRZYNSKI. Allen and Unwin. 6*s.* net.

AN authoritative book on Poland was badly needed, and this little work should be welcome to all interested in the stupendous problem of post-war Europe. The author was Foreign Minister in the late Polish Government, which incidentally is the alternative to the existing reconstituted Government whose standing majority is under twenty, so that considerable importance attaches to Count Skrzynski's words. He comes out as a peace-maker—a statesman conscious that Poland cannot hope to live as the sworn foe of Germany and Russia. His leanings are Anglophil. His whole policy may be summed up in his conclusion—which lies in finding a European basis of economics and political concord. The significance of this temperate estimate of the place of new Poland in Europe consists in its readiness to cut loose from Polish

subserviency to France, who sees in Poland merely a military weapon for the furtherance of her own militarist ends, and here the Count is definite. He plumps for a pacific policy. He claims for Poland the *rôle* of intermediary between East and West. The future of Poland must obviously depend upon the factor of peace. If her policy is to be just the other end of France, as in Napoleon's days, then her fate is indeed dubious; but if she can acquire independence and come to working terms with her two great neighbours, Poland should have a future, for she is self-contained and has an exportable surplus of coal, salt, textiles, wood and oil, foodstuffs and cereals, pigs and eggs, etc. In this volume the internal difficulties are presented and summarised, and the Jewish and minority problems are bravely faced. It is the work of a statesmanlike mind, sincerely conscious of responsibility, which sees in friendship with Britain a basis for sanity and continuity. If we still possess any statesmanship, we should consider this clear statement of policy both for what it is worth to us and to Europe. For, in truth, Poland is a key position. If Poland abandons militarism, the French Ruhr policy will fail. That is axiomatic, Poland being the eastern end of the Rhine policy. To ignore Poland at this juncture is a fatal mistake on our part. It enables France to ignore British interests, and eventually it will bring dire misfortune upon Poland. All this is strictly brought out in this valuable little treatise by a man who any day may again be Polish Foreign Minister.

SERAPH WINGS. By COL. ARTHUR LYNCH. J. Long, Ltd. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

THIS is the kind of book that really requires expansion to at least twice its present length, for nothing is more difficult than to compress in a novel the cycle and epicycle of revolution; and, in particular, in the case of Britain. Col. Lynch has many of the qualifications, but his canvas is too small, his word-space too limited, and so the full effect of revolution is crowded out. However, the thing gets home. The master spirit is an idealist, and where the author is involved in movement he carries us along pretty quick—that is the difficulty. There is no room for the personal side, for love and the amenities. Still, women do play a part. By far the best thing is the section dealing with conspiracy and conspirators, where Col. Lynch evidently knows his people. One would like to see a book of his entirely occupied with that branch of social ethics. The chapter called "The Communist Meeting" stands out. Perhaps the Colonel is wrong about America's dislike of a Republican England. He is Irish. That may be his little joke.

ALL FELLOWS AND THE CLOAK OF FRIENDSHIP. By LAURENCE HOUSMAN. Jonathan Cape. 6*s.*

THE quality of Laurence Housman's writing is the quality of his mind. Reading these stories and legends of the miraculous, one is convinced of the possibility and, indeed, probability of them because the writer tells them in a prose style as simple and unsophisticated as faith. It takes us back to the Middle Ages, and inevitably to the

thought of St. Francis. That is the mood which Housman seeks to recapture, and he often succeeds. The fifteen stories in this vein will charm those whose courageous acceptance of the Christian teaching tempts them to the extreme of acting upon it. The well-produced volume is illustrated by a number of the author's drawings in characteristic late pre-Raphaelite style.

A Story Teller. Forty Years in London. By W. Pett Ridge. Hodder and Stoughton. 15*s.* net.

The London of Mr. Pett Ridge is Mr. Pett Ridge's London, and there you have it. Imperturbable, humorous, and kindly, the Story Teller contemplates not the town, nor events, but men and women and children. He understands the true London, or cockney, character as perhaps none other has understood that quaint and admirable compound since Dickens let fall his pen. All poor people are his friends; that is why he understands them; and it is a part of the charm of his admirable books that the people in them became the reader's friends also. The elders among us, reading Mr. Pett Ridge's reminiscences, will recall many a familiar aspect of that queer old London of Queen Victoria, inconceivable to the present generation, and its passing modes and catchwords. But the people are scarce altered. You do not alter people much by pulling down their buildings or by giving them rapid locomotion, though in so doing you may make them less comfortable. They are Mr. Pett Ridge's people still, just as Mr. Pett Ridge continues to be the artist who delights us with his invariable truth to nature and his inimitable touch.

FICTION.

Heirs Apparent. By Sir Philip Gibbs. Hutchinson. 7*s.* 6*d.*

This story of insurgent, disillusioned youth in the post-war world is crowded with incident and interest. Fed-upness, small witticisms, and philandering is its amusing stock-in-trade; but, as one of them says, the new youth is much the same as the old with fresh mannerisms. They, these young undergrads, are the heirs apparent and the old world's embarrassments; and Sir Philip suggests that they will in time make some sort of a job of it. Meantime, we get pictures in plenty of their amusements, with the Bottomley ramp and a modern mediævalist parson as the extremes of good and evil. Julian, the youthful hero, with his 'Varsity friends, family, and calf love, is a rather depressing young man in whom it is impossible to be deeply interested; but the snappy pictures of life and persons are crisp and amusing. Not a great book, but extraordinarily well done as a set of coloured pictures.

The Old Doctor. By Frank G. Layton, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. Cornish Brothers. 4*s.* 6*d.*

If Dr. Layton had published this medicated story when the stamp-licking controversy was raging, it would have been the very best sort of propaganda: as it is, it is an historical novel, or rather a set of past episodes in the lives of certain G.P.s in an industrial town. The

panel system comes in at the end of the book and shines by contrast with the dreadful neglect and rapacity of the penny club and sixpenny fee practitioners. We see the doctor who, without priggishness, lives up to the principles of the hippocratic oath, in the company of other men of good intent, discussing the hard lot of the general practitioner and the rascality of the qualified moneygrubber. It is all lively and readable stuff, set with bits of back-street actuality and portraits of medical men in their habit as they live.

THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY. By C. E. M. MARTIN. Cape. *7s. 6d.*

THIS simple, straightforward story of the long, adventurous trek of two Australian native women across the red desert in search of the son of one of them, who has been carried off by a white man, is a little triumph of sympathetic verisimilitude. Mr. Martin, in his introduction, touches upon the history of contacts between white and black in Australia, beneficent and otherwise, and gives instances of fineness of character in the despised black-fellow, reserving his most impressive example for fuller narration in the book. Both as a well-visualised tale of actualities and a study of fine elementary human fortitude, self-sacrifice and resource, *The Incredible Journey* and its successful issue is excellent. The pictures of wild and sparsely settled "outback" Australia, with its surviving wandering tribes and remote civilisations, are done with a graphic power which makes this unusual story extremely good reading.

ONE OF THE GUILTY. By W. L. GEORGE. Chapman and Hall. *7s. 6d.* net.

THE very attractive "jacket" picture on this novel leads the reader to hope for a forcible abduction of the heroine by her burglar lover, but, once again, the picture outside the show is larger than life. Mr. George has imagined the makings of a rogue. The will to live in a youth suddenly reduced by destitution is stimulated by an audacious love for his employer's daughter. The first step is taken, and entrapped in consequences, the youth proceeds from sneak thief to burglar, rising by degrees to hotel thief and swell mobsman, but there is something still unspoiled in his nature; and, having offered the weak lady of his choice as alternatives elopement or his own surrender to justice, he does his seven stretch, and finds her widowed but still loving at the prison gates. There is a good deal of criminal lore which rings true and some obviously faked. One sympathises with the author's sociological labours, but finds them somewhat vitiated by the romance form. There are some thrills and some seamy side pictures smartly done, and *blasé* readers will enjoy the novel's novelty.

THE EYES OF MAX CARRADOS. By ERNEST BRAMAH. Grant Richards. *7s. 6d.*

NOT the least interesting part of this book of well-made stories is the introduction which recounts some of the authentic feats of blind people. After these true magics, one is prepared to grant "Max Carrados," the blind detective, any amount of intuition and sensitiveness. He certainly sees further through brick walls than most people

once his interest in ancient coins is diverted into an enquiry serviceable to humanity. These enquiries are imagined and described with great ingenuity; they are new in matter as well as in manner, concerning such happenings as faked editions, edible fungi, professional etiquette, and other similar causes. Ingenious and pleasantly individual work full of the delight of the credibly unusual.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

SUCCESS. A Play in Three Acts. By A. A. MILNE. Chatto and Windus. 5*s*.

MR. MILNE'S play constitutes in itself a criticism of his own earlier manner. It gets away from the hard, bright glitter of surfaces and strays into some romantic—even sentimental—hinterland of consciousness where dramatic conflict comes from the challenge of almost inarticulate discontent to the facts of things as they are. The realities of middle age are measured by chance circumstance and a dream against the yearning idealism of youth. In the scale, the realities are found wanting, but they nevertheless prevail. "Success closed in upon you," says the disturbing boyhood friend, and the man who has gained the whole world at the usual price replies: "It's a stifling thing, success. It shuts out so much." Obviously the theme and the technique owe something to Barrie, but Milne's writing—literary, sophisticated, ultra-civilised—and his manipulation of the dream interplay, are his own. The play is a little slow in getting moving. Perhaps the author knows the English theatre so well that he realises that the successful playwright must not put anything of real importance into the first twenty minutes. After that (the audience being seated, as it were), he tells an arresting stage story, and even though the people belong to the phantasmagoria of modern social comedy, there is truth and beauty in the play.

CONTEMPORARY BRITISH DRAMATISTS. Ernest Benn, Ltd. 3*s*. 6*d*. paper, 5*s*. cloth. Vol. 1. *Exodus*. By H. F. Rubinstein and Halcott Glover. Vol. 2. *The Conquering Hero*. By Allan Monkhouse. Vol. 3. *Midsummer Madness*. By Clifford Bax. Vol. 4. *What's Wrong with the Drama?* Five one-act plays by H. F. Rubinstein.

WITH economics in the theatre militating against the production of new plays other than foredoomed box-office successes, it is excellent that Messrs. Benn should establish this series, so that we may at least know what playwrights whose work has claims to literature are doing. The most considerable of these first four volumes is the *Exodus*. This chronicle play in five episodes is a dramatisation of the Bible narrative, dramatic so far as that is dramatic, and raised to a high standard by the sense of dignity in the writing and opportunities for beauty of production in the suggested stage-setting. *The Conquering Hero* has the weakness of being *démodé*. In spite of its closely knit dramatic technique, which makes it a good "repertory" play, we remain unmoved in 1923 at the vacillations of a middle-class young man as to whether he should or should not fight in 1914. He did, in spite of

his convictions to the contrary; and he fought badly, but was hailed hero nevertheless by those unaware of his cowardice. Even Mr. Monkhouse cannot make worth-while drama out of this shoddy human material. *Midsummer Madness* will appeal to those who like dainty fare. It is lightly touched in; fantasy unspoiled by any deeper note. Harold Rubinstein's volume suffers chiefly from its title. The plays are delightfully amusing, and to the cognoscenti of the conditions of the modern theatre and drama they will prove exquisite fun. *What's Wrong with the Drama?* may be caviare to the general, but to all interested in that query their satire will be irresistible.

DRAMA AND MANKIND. By HALCOTT GLOVER. Ernest Benn, Ltd. 8*s*. 6*d*.

HALCOTT GLOVER has written a provocative and broad-minded book, approaching the problem of drama from the viewpoint that it is a social art depending not only upon the dramatist and the theatre artist, but upon the public. Believing actually and potentially in the average man, he deals with the high-brow and the æsthete as people who have failed to function, and demands that the critic shall act as go-between to public and artist. "The rallying cry is Man," he says, and the optimistic philosophy he builds from this is applied not alone to his immediate subject of drama, but to many things in art and social affairs. His conclusions reveal insight and courage. On many details and certain applications of his belief one is certain to quarrel. In a book full of challenging ideas and theories that is inevitable. His division of drama into history, romance and satire, for example, is arbitrary and confusing, and that brings us to what proves a serious fault: the author's somewhat undisciplined method of marshalling his ideas and of using language. The first tends to discursiveness, which, added to the unrelieved use of the short sentence, can become most confusing; and the second confounds confusion by giving strange anarchic meanings to accepted words and terms. These technical shortcomings are important, because it is essential that in a book so closely written as to thought, the style and arrangement should be kept as clear as Mr. Glover's own theories demand. And there is so much that is fundamental and valuable in the book that one resents any failure to "get it over."

TRAVEL.

INTO LITTLE THIBET. By HELEN MARY BOULNOIS. Simpkin, Marshall. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

THE story of a trip, trippingly told, through remote loveliness, over dangerous passes, and high snows, into the pleasingly remote grotesqueness of religious festivals at Leh, all seen with the eye of an artist and set down in crisp, impressionistic manner. Miss Boulnois and the European family—including a baby—with whom she travelled, made light of the very considerable dangers of the way, and though she jokes at perils past, the reader gets a vicarious thrill now and then. The descriptions are eminently pictorial, both of the way and of the Thibetan folks and doings. Capital photographs, and some sketches by the author, help to realisation of the scenery and the extraordinary folks.

Correspondence

Ministers *v.* People

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Is it clear that the arraignments you suggest in your article "Ministers *v.* People" would have the desired effect? A passage in *The Triumph of Unarmed Forces* (pp. 276-7) suggests that the weakness of the Foreign Office is to be found as much among permanent officials as Ministers; and Admiral Consett hints that one cause of this weakness is susceptibility to the suggestions of German propaganda, with which, presumably, Ministers do not directly deal. His evidence on this point (pp. 80-81, 101, 123, 142) is enough to indicate a potential danger, but is perhaps less striking than that afforded by the "Castex Controversy" at the Washington Conference; the significance of which has been overlooked.

There are two authentic versions of Commander Castex's work: the articles which appeared in the *Revue Maritime* in January, February, March, and April, 1920; and their reprint with certain additions omitted from the Review owing to lack of space. Neither of these can be identified with the articles received by Lord Lee (as he has himself stated) through the ordinary diplomatic channels.

(1) In his letter to the Press on his return from the Conference, Lord Lee refers to Castex's reproach to useless barbarity "on the fourth page of the article."

In both the authentic versions this reproach occurs on page 28. If in the reproduction of an article of 50 pages a passage which was originally on page 28 is given on page 4, there must surely have been either considerable excision or considerable rearrangement.

(2) He states that M. Jusserand raised the question of his interpretation of "another passage from a previous chapter."

As the passage formerly discussed occurs in Chapter I., this statement is clearly incorrect.

(3) He states that owing to ambiguity "those may be excused who originally formed the impression . . . that the phrase 'Thus the Germans reason' applied to the arguments which preceded it, and not to the jubilant boast which followed."

This phrase begins a paragraph; it would be natural to apply it to the passage following, and unnecessary to refer it to the preceding arguments, which have been introduced by the words (p. 23), "Pour nos ennemis," etc.

(4) He repeatedly writes of the article in the January number as "the article on 'Piracy.'"

Commander Castex calls it "Caractéristiques de la guerre sous-marine Allemande"; and though "La Piraterie" is one among many sub-headings, it could not be taken for the title of the article by anyone who had seen a genuine copy of the Review.

(5) Mr. (now Lord) Balfour, in reply to a question asked in Parliament by Rear-Admiral Sueter, stated that in Castex's opinion "submarine warfare . . . permits the destruction without warning and without examination of merchant vessels, the sinking of liners with their crews, their passengers," etc.

The only passage which could give this impression (p. 26) in the authentic version is indented and marked with inverted commas at every line; it could not, by the most careless reader, be mistaken for an expression of the author's own opinion. Moreover, Commander Castex not merely denounces the atrocities which shocked the conscience of mankind (and these, in view of the *Lusitania* incident, would seem to include the sinking of liners with their crews and passengers), but writes (p. 13):

"La course est condamnée par toute l'histoire, et revenir sur ce sujet nous contraindrait à entasser des lieux communs,"

referring his readers to those uncompromising opponents of commercial warfare, Lesquiver and Daveluy. I believe Lesquiver's *Etude historique et stratégique de la Guerre de Course* is now out of print, but Daveluy's *Essai sur la Stratégie* has been republished in Vol. I. of his *Esprit de la Guerre Navale* (Berger-Levrault, 1909); the "excellent chapter" mentioned by Castex will be found, pp.245-81.

Since, then, the articles received by Lord Lee were clearly not those written by Commander Castex, the question arises: from what source were they obtained? The answer, I believe, will be found in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of a date in December, 1921; but I cannot make a definite statement without a copy of this paper, which I am informed is not filed at the British Museum. I think, however, I have made it clear that the articles must have been received from some unauthentic source and forwarded to Washington without being compared with the French originals published in 1920: a strange omission, since German methods of propaganda are no secret to our diplomatists, as Sir Rennell Rodd has shown. If much of the information furnished to Ministers by the Foreign Office is of this nature, it is no wonder that our foreign policy is misguided.

Yours faithfully,
W. LENGLEYS.

C/o Lloyds Bank, 222, Strand, W.C.2.
September 19th, 1923.

¶ *Humane Slaughtering.*—A letter from Mr. Charles H. Emanuel, Secretary to the Board of Deputies of the British Jews, in reply to Major Paget's article in our November issue, is unavoidably held over until next month.

Although every precaution is taken, the Proprietors will not be responsible for the loss or damage of the manuscripts that may be sent in for consideration; nor can they undertake to return manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.